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April-June, 1919

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[No. 2

THE TAPPING TEST FOR IMMORTALITY

If I had not been put to bed upon the first symptoms of a cold, where I was compelled to remain for ten hours, until a doctor arrived to tell me I didn't have Spanish influenza after all, I should perhaps never have read William Morrison Patterson's book, *The Rhythm of Prose*, and thus should have escaped the sad conclusion that I can never really enjoy to the full the prose of Newman and Pater, Sir Thomas Browne and George Moore (and, I also gather from a hint of admiration in Dr. Patterson's preface, the rhythms of Roosevelt!), because I cannot beat fives against sevens. Over and over I tried it, against the headboard, upon the cover of the book, on the window ledge beside the bed, but in vain. It drove me into the same condition of fidgets that "Pigs in Clover" used to do, or one of those dreadful games where you are supposed to make as many other words as you can, in three frantic minutes, out of the letters in an assigned word. No, I am not "aggressively rhythmic," I cannot read Roosevelt with a pair of drumsticks, nor Wilson with a pencil on a table top; in short, I cannot syncopate. Yet hitherto I had innocently assumed that I was as keenly pleased by rhythmic prose, as sensitive to its effects, as, let us say, Mrs. Vernon Castle, or even Irving Berlin, "the rag-time king," whose powers of syncopation none may dispute. The world for me is not the happy place it was before I didn't have the Spanish influenza.

But lest my levity seem ill-timed in the face of so serious, so earnest, so laborious a work as *The Rhythm of Prose*, based on weeks of phonetic experiments in the physical and psychological laboratories of Columbia University, and coming to grips fearlessly with the ancient and still unsettled problem of what rhythm

is anyhow, not to mention its equally fearless consideration of free verse, and lack of consideration for free versifiers, let me hasten to add that I found more genuine enlightenment, more stimulation to technical experiment, more threads of guidance in a mazy subject, in Dr. Patterson's thin volume than in the ponderous *History of English Prose Rhythm*, which Professor Saintsbury put forth some years ago, and which was an excellent anthology improperly indexed. One result of Dr. Patterson's experiments, in particular, explained to me at least my own unconscious method of measuring and enjoying the rhythm of prose, a method I had always employed in spite of my inability to tap fives against sevens, and which was so at variance with the scansion or accent-stress methods of indicating prose rhythm that I was always uncomfortably, though inarticulately, aware of a conflict when I tried to follow such analysts as Saintsbury.

Briefly, Dr. Patterson shows that certain people, at any rate, though far from all, invariably strive to organize a unit pulse, or temporal beat, for any passage of prose (in his own case corresponding to his average footsteps, in my case rather slower), and this beat is maintained as the measure of the rhythm, the words and syllables falling in steps with it, not coincidentally, but by a process of constant acceleration and retarding, a constant syncopation, a frequent substitution of stops and pauses to fill up the time units of this underbeat, or pulse. Actually, there may be ten syllables to fill one pulse, and only one for the next. The beat may not come on a "dictionary" accent at all. If the "dictionary" accents do all fall regularly on the subconscious time beats in the reader's brain (or is it his muscles?), and if the number of syllables for each pulse, or measure, is pretty regular, then we have the sensation not of reading prose at all, but of reading formal verse. Certain iambic passages in Ruskin, for example, can easily be read into a sing-song, and with difficulty thereafter read back into the rhythm peculiar to the best prose, where accent and time beat are harmonious but not coincident. The musical pleasure of prose comes from the ease and fitness, the seeming spontaneity, with which the accents and syllables can be organized to run along above this under-drumming of the reader's time-unit pulses, giving him advance warn-

ings and delightful premonitions of when rest is coming, when a phrase is to resolve, when breath is to be taken, and often at the end triumphantly concluding on the beat.

I gather that a truly "aggressive timer," like Dr. Patterson, organizes every series of the most haphazard sounds into some sort of rhythm, because he cannot help it. He would find rhythm in a shipyard, and even a newspaper report of a prize fight or a baseball game in some sense rhythmic prose. I can confess to no such aggressiveness. In reading such prose, I do not find myself organizing it into rhythm by syncopating it over my normal, subjective unit pulses, but unconsciously *forcing my sense of a unit pulse into complete abeyance*, because it is too painful to try to make this prose step along with it. The first few words of a sentence usually give the clew, both to the length of the time pulse (which is my case varies considerably with the mood of the passage), and to the ease and comfort with which the words can be made to flow in measure, to be organized into rhythm. If the task is difficult, I give it up, and simply say this isn't rhythmic prose. But though I am thus far more limited in my rhythmic sense than Dr. Patterson's "aggressive" people, my method does not seem greatly to differ from theirs, and my sense of values in prose rhythm is certainly, like theirs, based on the ease and naturalness and melodic fitness with which the author's words, by an unconscious process of syncopation and acceleration and retarding, adapt themselves to a unit pulse-beat supplied by the reader. Prose rhythm is rapid, suspensive, sombre, and so on, according as it crowds much into a pulse, or holds over bars of silence, or prolongs a word into a whole note, as it were, or causes an unconscious acceleration of the measuring pulse, or the reverse. But it cannot be consistently uniform in syllabic division, and coincident in stress, with the unit pulse, or it ceases to give the pleasure of prose, and becomes a kind of measured verse, or sing-song.

On this subject, Dr. Patterson has, I think, scientifically confirmed what has probably been a subconscious instinct of all great prose writers, from Browne to George Moore. It is when he pushes his researches (logically enough) into the realm of *vers libre*, and then lays down the law that all *vers libre* is prose

cut into lengths by the printer, because when it is read the rhythm is timed by the reader or hearer as prose is timed, not as verse is timed, i. e. the objective stresses and the subjective time beats are harmonious (sometimes!), but not coincident,—it is then that I find myself rather violently disagreeing, in spite of the fact that I am but a feeble admirer of most *vers libre*. In the preface to his second edition, he says:—

“The segregation of the phrases in *vers libre*, produced by printing them on separate lines, serves chiefly as a means of keeping the focus of attention upon the *rhythm as rhythm*, affecting thus both silent reading and oral delivery. This ‘rhythm’ held before our attention is not so much the fundamental rhythmic experience, felt as prose or verse, but rather the *secondary or broader rhythmic grouping*, in which phrases, long and short, are *balanced* against each other, according to that native instinct by means of which we com-
placently make two equal five, so far as interest is concerned. To the hunter the fleeing fox weighs as much as the cows blocking his way. When once the game of literary balancing is introduced, the separate spacing of the phrases in free verse reminds us, gently but inevitably: ‘This is a phrase! This is a phrase!’ In spite of this fact, have we attained to anything that lifts us necessarily out of prose experience? What is achieved, as a rule, in Miss Lowell’s case, is emotional prose, emphatically phrased, excellent and moving. ‘Spaced prose’, we may call it. With other writers the result is often merely unrhymed verse, with irregular length of line; or, as is frequently apparent in the writings of Edgar Lee Masters, a mosaic of bits of verse and bits of prose experience.”

Now my objection to this is not that it isn’t true, up to a certain point, but that it is emphatically not the whole truth. It is a half truth because it makes poetry, as distinguished from prose, entirely a matter of rhythm, of physical pulses and stresses, and the sense of the world knows better—at least, the poets do. I will cheerfully admit that much of Miss Lowell’s *vers libre* is “emotional prose,” and not always, to me, so astonishingly emotional. I will also admit much of Masters’ work is a “mosaic of bits of verse and bits of prose experience.” But I also recall Oscar Wilde’s remark that “Meredith is a prose Browning, and so is Browning.” Neither phrasing words in flawless

rhymed iambics nor phrasing words in a disorganized series that has to be resolved by the time-sense of the hearer, necessarily makes a work poetry, or reduces it to prose. Dr. Patterson may have shown why *vers libre* has not created a strictly new physical mould, using the rhythmic process of prose, combined with the spacial arrangement of verse to intrigue the eye; but he still has not proved that *vers libre* may not be poetry.

From a newspaper not long ago I clipped this bit of free verse, by Murdock Pemperton, called "Iconoclast":—

A puppy
Ambling sidewise
Intent upon the memory of some buried bone,
Halts before my pool—
A hollow place within my walk
Filled by this morning's rain.
Thirst satisfied,
He waddles off,
Doubtless never knowing
His rotund stomach holds
My mirror of infinity.

I am far from certain that the practising doctrinaires of free verse would call this a good example, technically considered. Nearly all the lines are metrical, for instance. But as the metrical scheme (probably an unconscious one) switches from iambics to trochees without apparent musical rule, it is almost impossible to read this poem (if I may so call it for the time being) as a piece of formal verse. Printed as a straight prose sentence, it reads like prose, rather simple and monotonous rhythmic prose, tending to sing-song.

A puppy, ambling sidewise intent upon the memory of some buried bone, halts before my pool—a hollow place within the walk filled by this morning's rain. Thirst satisfied, he waddles off, doubtless never knowing his rotund stomach holds my mirror of infinity.

So printed, this is easy to read—almost too easy. But if the reader does not feel that something has evaporated in the change, that something precious is wronged by considering the passage as prose, he is quite differently constituted from the present writer. This much, at least, I am sure of—the little "poem," as it first smote my eye from the columns of a newspaper, gave

me the quick, heightened pulse, the imaginative and spiritual stimulation, of poetry, and if Mr. Pemperton had not considered it as a poetic idea, had not thought that he was compacting a poem when he wrote it, but had been forced to set the idea down as prose, he would never have written it at all. Even admitting that he *might* have expressed the same idea in prose, the fact remains that he wouldn't have tried.

But I do not personally admit that he even might have expressed the same idea in prose. Putting aside the rather important fact that prose, in the complicated psychology of the race, almost invariably presupposes a *context*, so that it is only on inscriptions that a single prose sentence or paragraph ever seems complete and emotionally effective, when Dr. Patterson says that the separate spacing of the phrases in free verse "gently but inevitably reminds us: 'This is a phrase! This is a phrase!'" and then adds, "In spite of this fact, have we attained to anything that necessarily lifts us out of prose experience?" I answer, gently but inevitably, "Yes, we certainly have."

Still taking our little newspaper poem, consider first the title—"Iconoclast." It is provocative of rather large matters. Then comes the first line—

A puppy

—that is all. Seen as the first two words of a prose sentence, with the eye jumping ahead to the next words, this would lose to a large extent its charm of rather violent and stimulating contrast with the sounding title. To put it into prose spacing would be to throw away at the very start one of the aids by which the writer *lifts the mood of the reader into a different plane from the mood of prose*, gives him warning, as it were, that imaginative things are afoot, that much is going to be extracted out of little.

Continuing, we have the single line,—

Ambling sidewise

—which by its segregation concentrates the reader's attention strongly and entirely upon the puppy's amusing method of locomotion. The next line obviously is complete, shifting

and elevating our attention to the puppy's mental processes, and letting us pause for a second, if we are so inclined, to ruminate on the consciousness of the lower animals. The next line, too,—

Halts before my pool

—is complete, introducing a new element, the poet himself. The next two lines are arbitrarily divided, perhaps, in obedience largely to the writer's ear. The same may perhaps be said for the next four lines, although both lines, "Thirst satisfied," and "He waddles off," have a certain crispness of focus upon details. But after the word "holds," which ends the penultimate line, the necessity for such a stop, or suspensive pause, as no mere punctuation over which the eye leaps can give, was no doubt instinctively felt by the writer, and is instinctively appreciated by the reader. The reader knows this waddling puppy holds something more important than rain water in his rotund stomach—the whole point of the poem is now coming—What? Then our eye turns down and back to the last line—

My mirror of infinity.

What was a bit of humorous grotesquery is suddenly caught up, spiritualized, into the stuff of imagination, into poetry. We leave the poem not with a picture of the puppy but of the poet, seeing in the reflection on a rain-water pool a world of wonder, a call to dreams and vision.

If Dr. Patterson should urge that all this we have described would be impossible, or at the least difficult, to reproduce in an oral reading, I could only reply that poetry is very little written for oral reading any more, though I fancy a good reader could differentiate the spacing of *vers libre* from prose without undue jerkiness. However, I am ready to admit that in oral rendering free verse is not always so effective. It is probably not written with that end in view. The world has greatly changed its habits since "'Omer smote 'is bloomin' lyre." What I do maintain, after eighteen years of steady professional practice in writing both prose and verse, is that in creating even so slight a bit of free verse as this I have chosen for illustration (purposely selecting the work of a minor singer), the writer faces a different problem from that of prose composition, and faces it in a different

mood, seeking to create different effects, and effects which his instinct tells him are, in their spiritual essence, effects of poetry. What I do maintain is that the author of "Iconcolast" conceived, perhaps in a flash, and no doubt from a bit of observed actuality, his whimsical and yet jewel-like conception, which he both felt as poetic, that is, as burning down to a flame point of idea and feeling, without those established logical connections with past and future demanded of prose composition, and which he set about putting into such form that the reader, too, would sense the mood, feel the communicated emotion. It may very well be that he lacks the ear for formal singing required of the poet in the ancient moulds. Free verse has certainly enabled many poets to be expressive who were otherwise doomed to silence. At any rate, he chose free verse as his method, and his problem, as we have tried to show, was considerably more than a mere breaking of phrases into separate lines. It was to achieve a definite pictorial, mental, even emotional effect, largely impossible to prose, by each of these breaks, yet each with its relation to the total effect, and no doubt, too, each with its relation to what he found pleasurable to his ear, though this particular poem betrays very little consideration for any subtleties or moods of music in the various phrases or lines. If this is not a different task, at least for the writer, from organizing a prose sentence, even one of Pater's "triumphantly intricate" kind, then I have learned nothing in eighteen years of daily toil with a pen and paper. After more than eighteen years of eager reading, too, I find, for myself, that the results of such a task give a different emotional effect from prose, always admitting, of course, that the subject treated must be the stuff out of which poetry can be made—a reservation that holds good, as well, in considering metred verse, save for those naïve beings who find "poetry" and jingle synonymous.

After all, there is an inescapable mystery about poetry which no tapping test and metrical rule of thumb will ever resolve.

—In such a night
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea banks, and waft her love
To come again to Carthage.

This was one of the passages, was it not, which Arnold quoted as infused with "Celtic magic"? The magic is surely there, and how much or how little it resides in the formal metre, the measured time, no man can say. Put it in any other arrangement, and the magic is gone; but put it, with different words, in the same arrangement, and it is gone, also. There is something here which inevitably reminds us of Poe's theory of the transcendence of reality, the capture of that unearthly beauty of perfection for which the soul hungers and weeps, as necessary to true poetry. Possibly it is not open to dispute—as yet, at any rate—that the practitioners of *vers libre*, by missing what we have always called music, miss the most potent single aid to this sense of transcended reality. But when they find in the observed world, or in the stirrings of their imaginations, those promptings to hunger and quest after "divine and rapturous joys, of which *through* the poem, or *through* the music, we attain to but brief and indeterminate glimpses," and taking up their pens are self-impelled to express those promptings in a form they differentiate from prose because they do not, and cannot, feel themselves delivered in the conventional prose medium, I cannot find it justly open to dispute, that then the writers of free verse are essentially poets; and to judge them by the mere physical standards, the tapping tests, either of spoken prose or spoken metre, is rather beside the mark, or, at any rate, considerably below it.

Free verse may have released on the world a great many prose essays and short stories and fantasies, cut up into lines. For that matter, formal verse has released on the world Kipling, Robert Service, and the Sweet Singer of Michigan. So have the graphic arts released James Montgomery Flagg and Howard Chandler Christy. What of it? I do not even say that I tremendously enjoy the best of free verse, or, at least, not nearly so much as I enjoy formal singing. But I do say that among the genuine artists the urge of an idea to prose expression and the urge of an idea to expression in poetry are two separate and easily recognizable things, and when such a genuine artist is impelled to seek expression in *vers libre* rather than in prose, he is thereby faced by a different problem, seeks a different

effect, and to the sensitive reader, who is not obsessed by mere metrical measurements of rhythm and metre, is creating something which is not prose and which by the grace of the muses is sometimes, at least, poetry, one of those transcendencies of reality of which Poe speaks, taking us up, as prose can never do, into regions "where Israfel hath dwelt." If a writer can do that, I am quite ready to forego tapping with a pencil on a table the syncopations of his rhythm to find out if he is writing prose. I know perfectly well that he isn't.

WALTER PRICHARD EATON.

Sheffield, Massachusetts.

AMERICAN FOLK-SONGS

"Let me make a nation's songs, and I care not who makes her laws." In this day when various agencies are endeavoring with might and main to inspire some American to write a singable song of patriotism it should be interesting to discover how the melodies now dear to our nation were created. We Americans have not been an especially musical people. Our struggle with savage Nature and still more savage man has hitherto left us little time for the cultivation of the fine arts, and what we have had of music has too often been borrowed from other nations. Imitation has been one of the banes of American intellectual and artistic progress. We may, however, boast of a few lyrics that have sung themselves not only into our own souls, but into the souls of all white races.

During the dark days of the Revolution deeds rather than songs were written on the blood-stained snows of Valley Forge; but even in the midst of the stern horrors of war the patriots still had some heart for the charms of music. Undoubtedly the most popular air of that period was "Yankee Doodle." It is by no means an American tune; in fact, it is more than a thousand years old. It was first heard as a chant in the Catholic churches of Italy as far back as the eighth century. Play it very slowly upon the piano and note its underlying dignity; swiftness would make even Chopin's *Funeral March* ridiculous. But "Yankee Doodle" was too good a melody to remain within the church portals; the Italian peasant soon devised homely words for it; and at length it was heard far and wide among the sunny vineyards of southern Europe. It crept up the coast into Spain, into France, and at length into Holland, where the harvesters, as they gathered around the gurgling jugs of free buttermilk, sang it to the lines beginning, "Yanker, didee, doodle, down." "Yanker" was an old Dutch word for Johnnie, and also was associated with the word "Janker," meaning a howler, while "doodle" was from the old Frisian "doedel," meaning a dull person or a bore. By 1650 the tune was a well-known house-

hold ballad throughout England, and every nurse girl could quiet the babes with—

"Lucy Locket lost her pocket;
Kitty Fisher found it.
Nothing in it, nothing on it,
Save the binding round it."

Now came the days of the Commonwealth, and Oliver Cromwell, with one bedraggled feather or plume in his hat, came hurrying down from Canterbury to become ruler. He happened to ride into London on a small Kentish horse, and, of course, all the Cavalier wags saw something ridiculous in his appearance. Thus, "Yankee Doodle" was the tune for—

"Yankee Doodle came to town
Riding on a pony;
Stuck a feather in his cap,
And called him macaroni."

And what was "macaroni"? All the young dudes of the day were dressing in such tight clothes, generally of Italian fashion, that they looked as thin and as brittle as a stick of Italian spaghetti; hence the name.

And now the melody reached America. When the red coats began to loaf about Boston they took delight in standing before the meeting houses on Sunday and bawling this tune to words applying with undoubted emphasis to the preacher or other leading citizens; while the British bands played it everywhere and at any time. In 1775 Dr. Richard Shuckburg, a surgeon with the British army, highly amused at the American rustics who came into Boston to see the soldiers, wrote the stanzas that have long been so famous throughout our country. On the road to the battle of Lexington the British band boastfully played it; but some of them lived to hear it rendered in a very different style. For the Americans quickly caught up the air, now known as the "Lexington March," and many a time as the worn-out invaders straggled back to camp under a rain of shot, they heard from behind every wall and tree the patriots gaily whistling the melody. It is said that Cornwallis once exclaimed, "I hope to God I'll never hear that damned tune again!" He lived, however, to hear it in a still more bitter hour; for as he

marched out from the surrender at Yorktown the Yankee band struck up the tune, and he and his men trudged away vainly endeavoring *not* to keep step to it. Once more the British heard it when they did not wish to. In 1814 at the Treaty of Ghent a banquet was given to the American representatives, and the bandmaster, in his desire to present something distinctly American, consulted Henry Clay, who called his negro servant and bade him whistle the old melody. That night the English heard the tune blared with might and main. It is a far cry from ninth-century Italy to twentieth-century America; but a good song lives forever.

"Hail, Columbia," another favorite of early days, was written in 1798 by Francis Hopkinson, the finest harpsichord player in America in his day, and the author of our first popular song books. The air, called the "President's March," a real American composition, sounds a trifle bombastic in our times; but in those old days when the entire nation was aroused to hatred toward Great Britain it pleased the heated audiences, and when first sung at a benefit play in Philadelphia, the listeners shouted themselves hoarse over it.

The "Star Spangled Banner," because of the greatness of its range of notes, has about lost its place as a singable melody, but when a strong band renders it, what American heart does not beat faster? Its author, Francis Scott Key, a Baltimore lawyer, gained lasting fame through the accidental writing of it. In 1814, just before the bombardment of Fort McHenry, he went on board a British ship to obtain the release of a friend, and remained so long that the officers considered it unsafe for him to land in the gathering gloom. All night he lay in the hold of the vessel, listening to the roar of battle, and then, when allowed to come on deck at daybreak, he saw above the drifting smoke the nation's flag. Seizing an old envelope he quickly wrote the lines beginning "Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light." Some sneering Britisher once said that it might easily be known to be by an American, since it started with "Oh, say." The tune, a gallant old English drinking song, "Anacreon in Heaven," has doubtless had much to do with the popularity of the lyric.

"America," the so-called national hymn, written in 1832, has been of recent years the cause of much just complaint on the score that it does not represent the whole of America. Just as truly we might sing,—

"New England, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of Boston beans,
Of thee I sing."

For who but the Pilgrim fathers figure in this anthem? Furthermore, six other nations use the same melody for some one of their own national songs. For lack of a better, however, we still sing it, and for the words our thanks are due the Rev. Samuel Smith, a Harvard graduate of Holmes's famous class of '29, and a Baptist preacher of whom Holmes wrote in "The Boys":—

"And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith,
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith;
But he shouted a song for the brave and the free—
Just read on his medal, 'My Country, of thee.'"

What may be said of ante-bellum songs? In the matter of art it was a time of national groping. Bryant, Whittier, Longfellow, Lowell, and many another were earnestly endeavoring to interpret American life and to lay the foundation for a future great literature. But it would seem that a few humble, almost forgotten singers came nearer by far to the true fibre of Americanism. And chief, perhaps, among these lowly creators was the negro slave of the South.

The black man is undoubtedly the best natural musician and orator among modern peoples. Under the stress of religious emotion the most illiterate of their preachers may startle the listener by a wonderful power in word-painting, while their ear for music is so true as to enable them to form without a moment's hesitation correct harmonies for almost any melody. Song is to them the very soul of life; it is an ever-present companion; it is a helper in toil, a pastime in idleness, a comforter in times of sorrow. Sometimes amidst the city's hurrying throng a long line of negroes may be seen silently and doggedly working on a track or a ditch. Suddenly above the multitudinous sounds of the quivering street there will burst forth a strange, great chord like the peal of a mighty organ; scores take it up, a hundred,

five hundred, all along the far-stretched line of bended backs; and as the picks clink and the shovels grate, a chorus is lifted that carries the soul far away from the hot walls and echoing pavements. How strange, how weird is that harmony, so unmodern, so redolent of an age long past! And down on the gray, sweltering dock, and far away at the cabin door by the cotton field, the same melodies are arising—the folk-songs of people united by their love of music. Suddenly, while the soul is in the midst of such meditations, the chorus ceases, and once more the listening ear hears among the babel of sounds the clink of the picks and the grating of the shovels.

Music is to the negro never a fad or a mere amusement, but an intrinsic part of life itself. Nor does this trait die under culture; for in our own day at least one of the greatest of all English-speaking composers was a British negro, Coleridge-Taylor. To discuss adequately the black man's contribution to American song would consume many pages; suffice it to say that some day a master mind will seize upon these weird plantation melodies, such as "Roll, Jordan, Roll," and "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," and create from them something that all the world will delight to recognize as purely American.

At least one composer before the war saw the value of these lyrics of the soil, and, in imitation of them, created melodies that have made every hearth-stone glad. That man was Stephen Foster (1826-1865), author of "Suwanee River," "Old Kentucky Home," "Old Black Joe," "Uncle Ned," and "Massa's in the Cold, Cold, Ground." One hundred and sixty such songs he wrote, and every one of them gained fame; he was the most prolific of American song writers. Born at Pittsburg, he was educated at Jefferson College and was a clerk in a Cincinnati store when he scored his first successes in 1842 with "Open, Thy Lattice, Love," "Uncle Ned," and "O Susannah." From that time until his death, in his thirty-eighth year, he gave his days to making songs of and for the people. What made their popularity? Simply this: they touched those phases of everyday life that everyone has experienced, and presented such emotions to the world in melodious forms that, without flourishes or frills, seem eminently sincere.

That these simple airs, with harmonies seldom going beyond the three chief chords, satisfied the emotional needs of the American people is evidenced by the enormous sale of the songs. Before Foster's death, practically a million copies of "Suwanee River" had been sold, and millions of copies have since been printed in one form or another. And yet Foster passed out a poor man, a forlorn figure, forsaken by his wife because of his drinking, and suffering a tragic death in a shabby rooming-house of New York City. Recovering from a drinking spell, he arose one night to get some water and fell in such a manner that the pitcher in his hand broke and severed an artery. All night he lay dazed and helpless, and when found the next morning was beyond all help. He died three days later, January 13, in a charity hospital, and his body was saved from the potter's field only by its being discovered accidentally by some old-time friends. At his grave a band appropriately played "The Old Folks at Home."

If ever a man wrote by sudden inspiration Foster did. Sitting one morning on a porch of a plantation home near Louisville, Ky., watching the negroes working in the distant fields, he composed within a few minutes both the words and the music of "My Old Kentucky Home." He was known to hurry into a store or a saloon, seize a piece of paper, and jot down a song that had suddenly come to him. He delighted to ride on top of the old-time Broadway stages and compose his lyrics amidst the din of the street. He composed "Suwanee River" without knowing what river or what locality he was singing about. Having practically finished the song, he searched in vain for a three-syllabled name of a river to use. At length he went into a friend's office, and, having explained the difficulty, he and the friend looked over an atlas, where finally the friend located in Florida a small stream—now famous throughout the English-speaking world. Poor Foster was, in a way, a man out of his environment. As Elson has said in his *History of American Music*, "He should have lived the dreamy, lazy life of the southern plantation, of which he has given us such graphic pictures. Foster's is the most pathetic story of American music; the tale of a tortured and a troubled career, extinguished in misery."

We still hear the "Old Oaken Bucket," although the doctors contend that the original subject is a most unhygienic affair. Samuel Woodworth, an editor of Massachusetts and New York, wrote it in 1835, and is said to have been inspired to do so by hearing a friend remark over a bottle of wine, "This is good, but it doesn't taste like the water from the old oaken bucket down on the farm." The tune is an ancient Irish one, and undoubtedly adds much to the sentiment of the words. Beside many a farm-house door, after the children have sung this well-beloved melody, some little one starts again with "Ben Bolt." Thomas Dunne English, a Philadelphia physician, wrote it about 1845, and thus saved himself from oblivion; for there is something in its pathetic recognition of the passing of the old order of things that will long appeal to the human heart. While the children thus sing at dusk, big brother off at college sits on the dormitory steps and sings,—

"Stars of the Summer night!
Far in yon azure deeps
Hide, hide your golden light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps,!
Sleeps!"

Longfellow wrote this lullaby in his drama, *The Spanish Student*, published in *Graham's Magazine*, Philadelphia, in 1842. It is by far the best thing in the play. "The Bridge," by the same poet, was written late one October night in 1845, and immortalizes the old wooden bridge that once crossed the Charles river near Harvard. Scores of airs have been composed for it, but the one most often heard and the one likely to live longest was written by a Miss Lindsay.

"Home Sweet Home,"—that lyric has literally sung itself into the heart of the ages. There is said to be no civilized nation that does not know it. The words were joined in their undying form by the American play-writer, John Howard Payne, and were set to a Sicilian folk-song by Sir Henry Bishop in 1823. One day at an auction, Charles Kemble bought a batch of Payne's dramas, and among them was "Clara, the Maid of Milan," for which he paid \$150. Kemble saw the possibilities

of the little lyric; Bishop put it to music; and Charles Keane's sister-in-law, Miss Tree, sang it at the Covent Garden Theatre. One hundred thousand copies were sold in less than a month. But what became of Payne? He died, a poverty-stricken consul at Tunis, Africa, in 1856, and lay in a neglected grave in that distant land until an American honored himself and his country by bringing the body to Washington, where it now lies buried.

Coming to the Civil War period, we find a few, a very few, good battle songs. One exceedingly popular about the camp-fires, but seldom heard in our own day, "The Sword of Bunker Hill," was written in 1861 by a Kentuckian then practising law in New York City, William Walsh, and it was composed in the hope that it might play some humble part in arousing throughout the South a greater desire for union. It failed to affect the Southerner; but it steeled the heart of many a Union fighter. John Brown's body has now been mouldering in the grave fully a half century, but if we may believe the famous war song, his soul still goes marching on. Strange to say, this tune sung so fervently by the invaders of the South saw its birth as a Southern camp-meeting hymn. Gradually it worked its way northward until by 1861 it was fairly well known throughout the nation. It gained its really vast popularity, however, through a practical joke. There was in the 12th Massachusetts Regiment at Fort Warren an irritable Scotchman named John Brown, and some wag wrote some verses about hanging him to a sour apple tree, and sang them to the familiar air—to the great joy of all except the aforesaid Scotchman. Then suddenly the words took a deeper meaning; for the soul of old John Brown of Osawatomie was indeed marching on; and the soldiers trudged away to the Southland, singing the ballad as they went. Well might they; for it is one of the finest marching tunes in all the world. It cheered Kitchener's troops in the Soudan; it was heard on the battle fields of South Africa; recently it was heard in the trenches of northern France.

It is not generally known that this camp song was the cause of one of our few really classic hymns, the "Battle Hymn of the Republic." In 1861 Julia Ward Howe, standing in the streets of Washington, heard the passing soldiers singing "John

Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave," and James Freeman Clarke, who was standing beside her, remarked, "Mrs. Howe, you ought to write some better words to that tune." "I will try," replied she, and the result was those lines of such dignity and faith beginning,—

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord."

The "Battle Cry of Freedom," by George Root, of Massachusetts, was published by his Chicago music house in 1861, and was first rendered at a mass-meeting at New York City. The same composer and the same house brought forth another popular camp song, "Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching," while the same company issued Henry Clay Work's stirring "Marching Through Georgia." All these presented the glory and the chivalry of war; but there was a darker side that sometimes revealed itself in song. Walter Kittredge, of New Hampshire, was drafted into the Union Army in 1862, and while preparing to march southward wrote the words and music of "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground":—

"We've been fighting to-day on the old camp ground,
Many are lying near.
Some are dead and some are dying,
Many are in tears."

Kittredge died shortly afterwards on the field of battle.

The South was unfortunate in having fewer war lyrists than the North. "Dixie," the most popular of Confederate airs, was composed by a Northern minstrel singer and clog dancer, Daniel Emmett, of Ohio. He wrote it, he himself said, one Sunday afternoon in 1859, and sang it to an enthusiastic audience at a performance in New York the next afternoon. It was first heard in the South in a New Orleans theatre just before the outbreak of the war, and from there it spread to every camp-fire in the Confederate army. The "Bonnie Blue Flag," another Southern favorite, was also written, not by a Southerner but by a little red-headed Scotchman, Henry McCarty, who first sent it to his sister to sing on the New Orleans variety stage, and then, finding it such a success, came himself to arouse Southern enthusiasm by his lively rendition of it.

"Maryland, My Maryland." Here is something decidedly worth while. The words have all the precision, fire, and passionate appeal of the true war lyric, while the music has stood the test of centuries. James Ryder Randall, who but recently passed from among us, wrote the poem. In April, 1861, while he was Professor of English at Poydras College, Pointe Coupée, La., he read in the New Orleans *Delta* that troops had been fired upon in his native city, Baltimore. That night he had a wild dream; a storm awakened him; he could no longer sleep. Suddenly the opening lines of the poem came like an inspiration. He arose, and in a few minutes wrote the entire song, and the next morning sent it to the *Delta*. Now, in distant Baltimore, two sisters, Hetty and Jennie Cary, seeking some new music with which to entertain their Confederate friends, came across this poem in a newspaper, and set it to the ancient college melody, "Lauriger Horatius," known among the Germans as "Tannenbaum." The tune and the sentiment fired the hearts of the listeners; a great crowd gathered outside and took up the chorus. Shortly afterwards, at Beauregard's camp these same ladies were serenaded by the Washington Artillery of New Orleans, and when the soldiers were asked what they wished in return, someone shouted: "Let us hear a woman's voice." One of the sisters stepped forward and sang the new war lyric. Time after time it was repeated; the soldiers took it up; its fame was assured.

How many of the humbler songs must be omitted: "Juanita," "Silver Threads Among the Gold," "Last Night the Nightingale Woke Me," "Little Brown Jug," "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia," "Lorena." Lowly they may be; but the greatest symphonies of the foreign masters are based on the folk-songs of their native lands. But we "democratic" Americans are extremely afraid of anything that smacks of the soil. Dvorak said that we have the most wonderful folk-music in the world, and he advised his pupils to turn to these songs of the people as a basis for creative work. Robert Franz, one of the master song writers, wrote of America: "In this country they have looked quite condescendingly upon these small forms, taking a silly notion that these forms arise only incidentally in music.

Yet the song-form is really one of the chief foundations of our art."

Despite the ravings of the musical dilettante, the common people are going to have music of some kind; if not good, then trash. Six hundred thousand copies of Charles Harris's "After the Ball" were sold; three hundred and fifty thousand of Paul Dusser's "On the Banks of the Wabash," five hundred thousand of his "Just Tell Them That You Saw Me," three hundred thousand of Bradstreet and Carter's "She Was Bred in Old Kentucky," and two hundred and fifty thousand of Evans and Shield's "Good Old Summer Time"; while of De Koven's "Promise Me," a much higher type of composition, more than one million copies have been sold. The people are going to have music; they want *heart* music, not *mind* music, and the composer who can give them this in worthy form will be a blessing to his nation. And let not the American critic condemn too hastily these crude efforts of the common folk; for from these simpler creations some future master may mould our greatest compositions.

As for the World War that has but recently ceased, our part in it was too short to bring forth songs of many moods. After a brief rush, carried on with typical American unremitting energy, the war was over. Our songs of this campaign, then, deal almost entirely with the idea of getting "over there" and getting back as quickly as possible. It is almost a festival note that sounds in George Cohan's "Over There"; we were gaily going forth on a great but short adventure. The general tone is similar to that of "Rally Round the Flag"; both written in the early days of war have little or nothing of disappointment, worry, dread, or sorrow. Both have the somewhat boastful, bellicose air generally heard in the first hours of a re-born patriotism.

Irving Berlin's "I Hate to Get Up" sounds the same gay note born of inexperience in the horrors of battle, while "Good-bye, Broadway; Hello, France" sounds like the song of a group of expectant, joyous tourists. "Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag," with its jerky boisterousness, is again the mood of a people young in war, and has none of that note of genuine

pathos found in "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, The Boys Are Marching," born of the sorrows of years of strife. As to such airs as Novello's "Keep the Home-Fires Burning," and Zo. Elliott's "There's a Long, Long Trail," their sentiment is pretty, but not deep, and certainly is not the result of war; indeed, both were written before the World Conflict.

Had we continued long in the war, had we come to know the disappointments, the alternate defeats and victories, the long death list year after year, we might have written songs "too deep for tears"; but as mere children in the school of war-horrors we shouted a number of gay, catchy melodies, as though we were rushing out into the play-ground at recess. Lasting songs are generally born of trials and tribulations and a nation's tears.

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THE ONE-ACT PLAY AND THE SHORT STORY

One fateful night, we are told, a king was entertained at the home of his most famous general. But even as he supped, the treacherous host sat in another room of his castle, planning the murder of his royal guest. He mused upon the deed at length, until in the silence of his own chamber, he began to speak aloud:—

"If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly."

And the significance of Macbeth's assertion is not confined to the complexity of the affairs which called it forth. In the light of our modern national crisis one may cling to literal interpretation of this statement and make a timely application to regicide thereby. But it would scarcely be an extreme perversion to extend the significance of this declaration further. Indeed the "key-words" of all modern life may be said to be, "'Twere well it were done quickly!"

Commercially, of course, the phrase has long since become a platitude, but its peculiar application to modern art has not been so frequently recognized. This tendency toward brevity and compression, though present in the whole sacred realm of art, is perhaps most phenomenal in the field of literature. In a certain sense the short story has already superseded the novel; and now its congenial cousin, the one-act play, has come to assume certain of the prerogatives of the traditional drama!

Of these two "short" forms, the short story having been longer with us, is better known. Its limits, possibilities, and technique have been so frequently exhibited as to require little critical comment. But the workings of the one-act play, though similar, are more abstruse. In either case, however, it is essential for a sane comparison that the form shall speak for itself.

A delightful introduction to the one-act play may be obtained in the little Irish plays of the peasantry. Most delightful among these are the farces of Lady Augusta Gregory. There is depicted in charming fashion the life and manners of the simple Irish folk. Simple situations, "out-of-the-way episodes," single ideas, and few characters make up the effectiveness of each.

One of Lady Gregory's most typical playlets is the comic satire, *Spreading the News*. It has to do with a very old theme, the easy growth of gossip. Bartley Fallon brings no end of trouble on himself by doing a little neighborly act, that is, by running after Jack Smith with the hay fork the latter has left behind. On his way Bartley overturns the fruit basket of Mrs. Tarpey, the market woman. Unfortunately, Mrs. Tarpey is deaf, and later on, with the help of other members of the community, she gets a thrilling story in circulation. Bartley Fallon is said to have killed Jack Smith with a hay fork in order to get Jack's wife, Kitty Keary, and take her to America. The wake for Jack is even arranged when matters are complicated by the entrance, first of Bartley, and then of Jack himself. The humor of this situation is evident, and the delightful dialogue gives the play a certain inimitable charm.

As may be seen, this is only a "dramatized anecdote," without any particular complication of plot. In so short a space, there can, of course, be no character development, but there certainly is character portrayal, and that of a rather subtle sort. The characters of both Bartley and Mrs. Fallon are suggested by a few broad telling strokes, at the outset being connoted by this bit of sparkling dialogue:—

BARTLEY: "Indeed, it's a poor country and a scarce country to be living in. But I'm thinking if I went to America it's long ago the day I'd be dead."

MRS. FALLON: "So you might indeed."

BARTLEY: "And it's a great expense for a poor man to be buried in America."

MRS. FALLON: "Never fear, Bartley Fallon, but I'll give you a good burying the day you'll die."

BARTLEY: "Maybe it's yourself will be buried in the graveyard of Cloonmara before me, Mary Fallon, and I myself that will be dying unbeknownst some night and no one anear me. And the cat itself may be gone straying through the country, and the mice squeaking over the quilt."

MRS. FALLON: "Leave off talking of dying. It might be twenty years you'll be living yet."

BARTLEY [with a deep sigh]: "I'm thinking if I'll be living at the end of twenty years it's a very old man I'll be then!"

MRS. TARPEY [turns and sees them]: "Good morrow, Bartley Fallon, good morrow, Mrs. Fallon. Well, Bartley, you'll find no cause for complaining to-day; they are saying it was a good fair."

BARTLEY [raising his voice]: "It was not a good fair, Mrs. Tarpey; it was a scattered sort of fair. If we didn't expect more we got less. That's the way with me always. Whatever I have to sell goes down and whatever I have to buy goes up. If there's ever any misfortunes coming to this world it's on myself it pitches, like a flock of crows on seed potatoes."

Were these characters to be described in a short story they would undoubtedly lose some of the innate charm which the first-hand contact of the playlet reveals. In the one-act play a personal sense of companionship is gained through action and speech, while in the short story the characters are viewed more distantly and indirectly because of the combination of speech and action with description and analysis.

Thus at the hands of Henry James one might have the following exposition: "Bartley Fallon stood before his wife impatiently; he was sad and vexed and bitter. Almost with reprehensible sadness he rejected her optimistic philosophy for the future; his peculiar, poignant memory bringing constantly before him the ills to which he had been subject, causing him to deduce therefrom the awful vicissitude of all human life."

How utterly inadequate do such indirect methods become in the treatment of this vivacious Irish life! We would not underestimate the value of psychological action, meaning by action "a change in human relations." There is, however, a possibility that there has been of late an extreme psychological emphasis in the short story; so it is refreshing to find more frequently in the one-act play the action which results in a deed. And in plays like *Spreading the News* physical action has its importance.

Lady Gregory's *The Rising of the Moon* has a theme very similar to that of Hardy's *Three Strangers*. The remarkable kinship of the one-act play and the short story could not be better illustrated than by a comparison of these two. There is a compression about the play, for the narrow compass demands that the dialogue, though entertaining, be succinct. It is not so with

Hardy's story. His exposition is verbose but rightly so; though the plot is undoubtedly well handled, primarily the interest is in style. Though Lady Gregory's work is here, as usual, given a fine artistic finish, somehow the thing as a whole seems a bit bare after Hardy's complete and illuminating descriptions. There is probably more intensity in *The Rising of the Moon* but not so satisfying a picture of human life as *The Three Strangers* gives us.

Hyacinth Halvey is another farce by Lady Gregory. It has to do with a young fellow who, in spite of himself, is regarded as a model of righteousness. It is difficult to see how this theme could have been made effective in narration; indeed, in that form it would probably seem disgustingly trite. One great advantage of the one-act play over the short story is that by intense dramatic representation it can so subtly re-dress an old theme.

The same advantage is found in the delightful little sketch *The Workhouse Ward*. This again is a farce of character, being concerned with two wrangling but inseparable old wards. The constant disputes and argument serve to bring the author's gifts in dialogue to the foreground, illustrating well her own remark that "it is better to be quarreling than to be lonesome."

But these plays of the Irish peasantry are not all comedies. A certain tragic dignity is found in such one-act plays as Lady Gregory's *The Gaol Gate*, or John M. Synge's *The Riders to the Sea*.

The latter is, on the whole, simply an impression, but a powerful impression. In fact there is little to forget, because there is so little action. The illumination is great just because there is no thesis, there is simply a transcendent picture of life. In even so short a compass the reader's experience is permanently enriched; he learns for the first time to know the commonplace of death in a community of fishermen; and he is purged by vicarious suffering.

Now if this same theme were to be developed in the short story it might have a tendency to become sentimental; it would then demand a fuller treatment, and there is danger in expanding what is best when only stated. But here in this little drama, Synge's masterpiece, there is nothing irreverent, nothing cheap.

From the tragic it is only a step to the horrible. From the tragedy of death as depicted by Synge we pass to the fear of death as Maeterlinck portrays it. Since time immemorial one type of the short story has sought to give us the atmosphere of wonder and of mystery. What, then, can the one-act play do in the way of creating this illusive, artful something, this emotional atmosphere? In Maeterlinck's one-act plays perhaps the answer can be found.

In *The Interior*, *The Intruder*, and *The Blind* there is developed a world-old sentiment, that of fear in the presence of death. The author does this by presenting a tableau, accompanied by dialogue. There are really no characters, but puppets, and the author relies upon the dialogue alone for effect. This consists of only the briefest questions, answers, and exclamations. For example, in *The Intruder* Death comes into a family circle as a definitely personified, although unseen and intangible presence, filling the hearts of those present with an awful, nameless dread. A short quotation will illustrate this.

THE UNCLE speaks first: "How is the weather?"

DAUGHTER: "Very fine. Do you hear the nightingales?"

THE UNCLE: "Yes, yes!"

GRANDFATHER: "A little wind is rising in the avenue, Ursula."

DAUGHTER: "Yes, the trees are stirring a little."

THE UNCLE: "It is surprising that my sister should not be here yet."

GRANDFATHER: "I do not hear the nightingales any longer, Ursula."

DAUGHTER: "I believe someone has come into the garden, grandfather."

GRANDFATHER: "Who is it?"

Foreboding, fear, wonder, mystery, and atmosphere, all are subtly suggested by so elliptical a form, by nothing more than breathless utterances.

Now, how does the short story portray the horrible? Look at Maupassant's *The Horla* or any number of Poe's horrible tales, and the contrast of treatment is evident. In his *Philosophy of Composition* Poe tells us that the proper way to begin a story is with the consideration of an effect, using "brevity in

direct ratio to the intensity of the intended effect, with the proviso that a certain degree of duration is absolutely requisite for the production of any effect at all."

This requisite degree of duration must mean quite an extended one, judging from the length of Poe's own stories. His method of getting his effect, like that of many other short-story writers, seems to be that of dilating upon the horrible, either to the point of exhaustion or of repulsion.

Illustrations of this tendency may be found by the reader on every side. Take for example *The Fall of the House of Usher*. It will be remembered that the person who relates this story is represented as sitting in a certain dismal room of the house (it is described at length), reading to his companion, and hearing creaks and groans, wailings and gratings innumerable. "At the termination of this sentence," the narrator states, after innumerable hints at horror, "I started and for a moment paused; for it appeared to me, (although I at once concluded that my excited fancy had deceived me)—it appeared to me, that from some very remote portion of the mansion there came, indistinctly to my ears . . . that very creaking, and ripping sound." Again we are kept in long suspense while this poor person goes on reading his not too cheerful tale. Then the story proper continues: "Here again I paused abruptly, and now with a feeling of wild amazement; for there could be no doubt whatever that in this instance I did actually hear . . . a low and apparently distant, but harsh, protracted, and most unusual screaming or grating sound."

By this time the reader gets pretty nervous, and is willing that the suspense should end, but obviously Poe has not yet achieved "the degree of duration, absolutely requisite for the production of his effect." We are spared nothing. At length, however, our worst fears are realized, for with "the potency of a spell the huge antique panels . . . threw slowly back upon the instant their ponderous and ebony jaws. . . . Without these doors there *did* stand the lofty and enshrouded figure of the Lady Madeline of Usher." But even this is not enough. "There was blood upon her white robes, and the evidence of some bitter struggle upon every portion of her emaciated frame"!!!

In the one-act play, it may be readily seen, we could not be

brought face to face with the supernatural without taking a sudden jump from the sublime to the ridiculous. Whatever the literary value of a play, it cannot, in every sense, lose its capacity for being staged and still remain a play. So the horrible here must be given by suggestion and tacit inference rather than by concrete representation. On the other hand, the short story is never visualized, except in imagination. Even so, upon reading Maeterlinck and Poe consecutively, one cannot but remember that timely remark made by Charlton Andrews: "A taste of anything is often acceptable where a mouthful would be repellent"!!

The purpose of this protraction of the horrible in a short story is mainly that of suspense and artistic portraiture. But the uncanny atmosphere of a one-act play however æsthetically given can scarcely be sufficient *excuse* for its own existence. There must be something behind all this horror and mystery, and the symbolism must be more weighty than the artistic sort shown in Kipling's *They*.

And so Maeterlinck, in so short a play as *The Blind*, gives us an unusual and profound symbolism. Why all of these blind people, old and young, around a dead priest and a friendly dog? What is the presence which enters so strangely? Eminent critics have sought to explain this subtle little one-act play with lengthy discussions. One of them begins thus: "On the island of time, in the sea of eternity, are huddled together darkened souls, unaware of their destiny—and relying for help upon a priesthood now dead." And such considerations have been awakened by a tableau and the briefest possible dialogue!

Yes, the playlet would teach as well as entertain. William Yeats in his *Hour Glass* would preach as helpful a doctrine as Hawthorne in his *Ethan Brand*, or suggest, possibly, some thoughts like those aroused by Kipling's *Bridge Builders*. The thought in the latter is, however, more complete and complex than could be developed in the space and form which Yeats employs.

But few one-act plays are so symbolistic in entirety as those of Maeterlinck. One often finds a combination of symbolism and realism, as in some of the playlets of Sudermann and, perhaps in less degree, in those of Strindberg. In two works of the

Morituri this is peculiarly evident, that is, *Teja* and *The Eternal Masculine*. Various developments of the love element found so often in the modern one-act play are seen here, but combined with this there is a certain sense of generality and allegory. As a consequence the characters are rather types than individuals, the mouthpieces of a class rather than distinct personalities. Thus in *The Eternal Masculine* we are introduced to the Queen, the Painter, the Marshal, and so forth. Likewise in sentiment there is a generality, somewhat sweeping in application. Thus at one point in *The Eternal Masculine* the Painter speaks: "And in the end, however one may work and strive, it is *man's destiny*; he must die of woman."

In Strindberg's generally recognized masterpiece, *Pariah*, one finds something of this same tendency. Mr. X, an archæologist, and Mr. Y, a traveler from America, are one-half human and the other half symbolic. For the peculiar combination of these two tendencies the one-act play seems preëminently fitted, and for some reason the reader will submit to this sort of thing in a one-act play far more gracefully than he will when it is attempted in short-story form.

Pariah is a splendid illustration of the excellence of good one-act-play technique. The whole work is concentrated dialogue, which, because of its remarkable unity, carries the play forward with almost marvelous rapidity. Scarcely one line could be eliminated "without definite injury, if not destruction, to the whole."

In *Facing Death* Strindberg gives us an ugly picture, and the effect as a whole is morbid and unhealthy. Somehow we like this kind of realism better in the story, for example in one such as Hardy sometimes employs. We want it mediated; even a taste taken directly in the one-act play makes a person's mouth "puckery."

But by far the greater number of one-act plays are of a healthier nature, though they often deal with the follies and secret tragedies of modern life. Among the one-act plays which seem most akin to the story are those of George Middleton, which he himself styles "plays of contemporary life." They deal with intense moments in the lives of thinking, feeling men and women. As Mid-

dleton himself expresses it, they "make no pretense save to show character in action, and in several instances to picture its different reactions from the same stimulus." "Certain ideas," he tells us, "find their best expression in the concentrated episode." And so it is, perhaps, with themes of social criticism; to be best treated they must be dramatic, and if dramatic the play best sets them forth. Leisurely exposition could easily cause a theme like that of Middleton's *The Man Masterful* or *In His House* to become disgustingly trite and flat. It is perhaps the extreme brevity of these studies which stimulates our interest.

But themes like those of Phillpotts's *Hiatus* are common to the story as well as to the play. Kipling's *Without Benefit of Clergy* is a fine example of how even illicit love may be handled in a way to arouse only the finer emotions. But here, instead of dramatic fervor or any sentimentality, the reader finds a simple pathos and a sympathetic human interest.

In Barrie, also, we find this same fondness for the distinctly modern theme. It is particularly evident in both *Rosalind* and *The Twelve Pound Look*. The idea of *Woman's Emancipation* is exploited in every form of literature. The short story, no less than the playlet, is constantly setting it forth. We must, however, concede to Barrie the ability to deal subtly with a hackneyed theme. Poor Lady Sims, unconsciously envying her husband's former wife, says to Sir Harry, who has been making light of the capabilities of the typist: "Yes, but she has a very contented face."

SIR HARRY [with a stamp of his foot]: "All put on. What?"

LADY SIMS [timidly]: "I didn't say anything."

SIR HARRY [snapping]: "One would think you envied her."

LADY SIMS: "Envied? Oh no—but I thought she looked so alive and active. It was while she was working the machine."

SIR HARRY: "Alive! That's no life. It's you that are alive" [curtly]. "I'm busy Emmy." [He sits at his writing table.]

LADY SIMS [dutifully]: "I'm sorry. I'll go, Harry. [Inconsequentially] Are they very expensive?"

SIR HARRY: "What?"

LADY SIMS: "Those machines."

Such is the charming and whimsical presentation of a problem so common to both story and play. The same theme may be found in almost any story of the current magazines. Even *Smith's* for May, 1917, contains a short story of this sort, *Ferdinald and Ferdinald*. A girl with unusual executive powers secretly assumes charge of her father's *very large* department store in the absence of the father, thereby averting an awful business calamity at a very crucial moment. The almost superhuman insight of this very modern young lady may be a little overdrawn, but, with apologies to Barrie, we must admit that this is only another phase of the same question: "What, oh what, is 'woman's field'?"

The short plays of Percy MacKaye seem quite in a class by themselves, due to the peculiar themes of the author. He himself styles them "Yankee interpretations in the spirit of fancy." All five of these "Yankee fantasies" illustrate well the "subtle fusings and crystallizings" of which the author speaks in his prefacing comment.

The characters such as Chuck, Julie Bonheur, Jonas Boutwell, and Link Tadbourne are not only remarkably portrayed but touched with an original quaint loveliness. Julie, the Cannuck, who wins so strangely the heart of the supposed "Yankee"—John, and Link who lives over in excited fashion the days of Gettysburg; Jonas, the peculiar yet endearing minister—these are as subtle as any character sketches of the short story.

Among innumerable other one-act play masterpieces are those of the inimitable Lord Dunsany. After a dozen words we find ourselves almost miraculously swept along toward *The Glittering Gate*, and are soon left breathless but smiling at the sorrowful discovery of the ex-thief, that—"there ain't no heaven." Somehow were this expanded into a Daudet story form it would lose its sparkling vitality and become a half-dead thing.

In the same convincing manner of *The Glittering Gate*, one finds himself suddenly concerned over the *Lost Silk Hat*. Of all the characters here, perhaps one appreciates the poet best. He speaks fluently, eloquently, gracefully;—characteristically losing himself in his enthusiastic declamations. It will be remembered that the poet appeals to the caller not to go back and get his hat, but to join the Bosnians. "I appeal to you in the

name of beautiful battles, high deeds, and lost causes," says this "transcendentalist," "in the name of love-tales told to cruel maidens and told in vain. What is a hat? Will you sacrifice for it a beautiful doom? Think of your bones, neglected and forgotten, lying forlornly because of hopeless love on endless golden sand. 'Lying forlorn,' as Keats said. What a word! Forlorn in Africa! The careless Bedouins going past by day, at night the lions roar, the grievous voice of the desert."

But of course the caller does go back and prosaically forgetting the poetical love quarrel sings a duet with the lady of his choice! But Dunsany would have us to see the "tragedy" of the situation; as the poet startlingly expresses it to the policeman, this gentleman has "killed Romance!"

And so one might continue indefinitely, finding always in the one-act play as in the short story, variety of theme, variety of treatment, and of charm. From the darkness of Sudermann, the frank symbolism of Maeterlinck, the blending of humor and pathos in St. John Ervine, the downright fun or sorrow in Lady Gregory, to the bright laughter or wonder of Lord Dunsany—this is the range of the one-act play. As broad is it as that of the short story as shown in Poe, Hawthorne, Mérimée, Kipling, Daudet, James, Bunner, and a host of others. The idea involved in both may be little or big, light as in a typical play of Percival Wilde or a story by Fannie Heaslip Peabody, weighty as in Synge's *Riders to the Sea*, or Bret Harte's *The Outcasts of Poker Flat*.

In each we expect a skilful technique; indeed, both demand a fineness of construction. But where we might endure a little extraneous material in the short story, we cannot permit it in the one-act play. The latter form must always remain a supreme example of concentration, intensity, and "crystallization."

There are those with us who decry both the brief story and the brief play because of their limitations. To be sure, it must be admitted that in these shorter forms problems do not have to be solved, and certain arbitrary premises can well be taken. Both the dramatist and the novelist, on the other hand, have to possess a keener and more penetrating imagination, and a finer discrimination than the authors of the short story and the one-act play.

The man who masters the short form may, indeed, be insane, but possibly there is nothing more worth while or delightful than to lose, occasionally, the propriety which is so immortal, and descend to the depths of a powerful and pleasing insanity. Sometimes limitation spells advantage. With Percy MacKaye we may say that these distinctive forms are capable of expressing what the longer forms cannot.

Even granting the very questionable statement of certain critics, that both forms are doomed to die in a few years, there is a joy and satisfaction in the immediate present. And even the wise prophets cannot deny this. After all, if experiments, they are "creative experiments."

So we return to Macbeth as he sits in his castle, planning the murder of his royal guest. Again we would venture a literary application of his regicidal musing:—

"If 'twere done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly."

And in the light of modern workmanship one might be forgiven for adding this explanatory sentiment:—

"For 'tis not only quickly done but *well!*"

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THE PLAYS OF SAMUEL WOODWORTH

It has been the fate of more than one writer of varied and copious productivity to be remembered only because of a chance lyric which has voiced the sentiment of the people and has caused its author's name to live when his more pretentious works are forgotten. An excellent illustration is Samuel Woodworth, whose name immediately suggests "The Old Oaken Bucket" and nothing else. As a matter of fact Woodworth was a very industrious and versatile writer. Living always on the verge of poverty and relying on literature for support, he found it necessary to employ his pen constantly. He produced quantities of poetry that was highly praised in his day, some of his nature poems being compared to and confused with Wordsworth's. He wrote a patriotic novel, *The Champions of Freedom; or, The Mysterious Chief*, dealing with the War of 1812. He was a persistent journalist, launching a half dozen or more periodicals, all of brief duration except *The New York Mirror*, which he edited the first year of its life. And he was a dramatist with eight acted plays to his credit.

It is as a dramatist that we wish to consider him here, for although his plays are known to-day only to an occasional student, in their time they met with average favor, and one was a prolonged success. Moreover they illustrate tendencies which then prevailed in the drama of America, and some of those tendencies they helped to confirm. His first play was staged in 1822. Native drama as a recognized institution was then some sixty years old. As yet no playwright of distinguished ability had arisen, but a number of traditions had been developed, and the appetite of the theatre-goers demanded a specific kind of satisfaction. Woodworth conformed to custom with little attempt at innovation, a fact which makes of his plays a sort of epitome of American drama during the third and fourth decades of the nineteenth century.

Before we take up his writings in detail a word of biography may be in order. Samuel Woodworth was born of a Revolutionary father at Scituate, Massachusetts, on January 13, 1785. At

the age of about fifteen he went to Boston as a printer's apprentice. Subsequently he engaged in journalism at New Haven and Baltimore. In 1809 he took up his abode in New York, where he spent the remainder of his life in various literary pursuits. He died of paralysis on December 9, 1842. According to those who knew him he was generally beloved for his gentle and upright character.

Our author's earliest theatrical offering was *The Deed of Gift*, printed at New York in 1822 and first acted at Boston on March 25 of that year. Though apparently not honored with a second performance there, it was given a trial at the City Theatre, New York, on January 21, 1823, and was twice repeated. *The Commercial Advertiser* of January 24 pronounced it superior to many stage productions of the day. *The Deed of Gift* tells the old story of a virtuous young man cheated out of his father's estate by an evil brother, until the latter's perfidy is exposed and all is set right. In this instance the restoration is effected by the hero's sweetheart, who makes excellent use of a phenomenal faculty for disguise.

The piece is trite and feeble enough, but it is interesting as a representative of a type, the comic opera. At that date the term bore a somewhat different meaning from its present one. An opera in the English and American sense was a play, light or serious, in which the characters indulged in occasional solos and duets with little or no provocation. English opera was brought to prominence by Gay's *Beggar's Opera* in 1728, which had a great vogue on both sides of the Atlantic. The first American imitation was *The Disappointment; or, The Force of Credulity* (1767) by "Andrew Barton" (Col. Thomas Forrest [?]), a sorry farce, which remained unacted. The earliest run of any length was made by Ann Hatton's *Tammany* in 1794, and from that time forward musical comedy engaged the frequent attention of playwrights. Two of the better specimens prior to Woodworth's period were William Dunlap's *Archers* (1796) and James Nelson Barker's *Indian Princess* (1808). *The Deed of Gift*, with its seven songs set to popular airs, came at a time when operas were still in high favor, indeed it was shortly followed by a number of unusually successful examples.

Woodworth's second dramatic attempt was a patriotic piece, *La Fayette; or, The Castle of Olmutz*, printed in 1824 and first performed at New York on February 23 of that year in honor of Washington's birthday. It was no doubt called out by the Marquis's recent announcement of his intention to revisit the United States, for which event preparations were in progress. The play, which, in the words of *The Mirror*, "was received with decided and deserved approbation," was repeated a half dozen times during the next two years. On September 9, 1824, during La Fayette's visit in New York, it was given amid surroundings of unusual splendor. The front of the Park Theatre was adorned with a large transparency of the Goddess of Liberty. Beneath was the inscription: "La Fayette, the Friend of Freedom—the Benefactor of Mankind." The windows were filled with lights. The interior was bedecked with flags, wreaths, and medallions; and the stage was flanked on either side with imitation cannon.

La Fayette deals with one of the most critical events in its hero's life. In 1792, while passing through Germany, he was captured and imprisoned as a prime mover of the French Revolution. After being transferred from prison to prison, he was finally lodged in the Castle of Olmutz in Austria. During the whole time he was treated with the systematic inhumanity for which the word Teutonic has become a synonym to-day. In 1794 a young German physician, Erick Bollmann, and a young American, Francis Huger, made a daring attempt to effect his escape. But their plans were frustrated at the moment of success, and the would-be rescuers were themselves imprisoned until released by the intervention of friends. The play, which is concerned only with the attempted deliverance and its results, follows the historical facts closely throughout with slight changes here and there and with the inevitable addition of a sweetheart for the American.

The patriotic, historical play was one of the early forms which our drama took. During the Revolution it was often pressed into service, especially by Mrs. Mercy Warren, Hugh Henry Brackeridge, and John Leacock. After the war there was a succession of plays like John Burk's *Bunker-Hill* (1797), Dunlap's *André* (1798) and *Glory of Columbia* (1803), M. M. Noah's

Marion (1821), and C. P. Clinch's *Spy* (1822). The War of 1812 was a similar inspiration: witness Dunlap's *Yankee Chronology* (1812), his *Battle of New Orleans* (1816?), and Noah's *She Would be a Soldier* (1819). Other events, such as the planting of the colonies, came in for a share of attention.

So in writing a patriotic drama Woodworth was adhering to an old and still observed custom. However, he deviated from the usual practice by employing a foreign instead of a domestic episode. But patriotic the play unquestionably is, both because of La Fayette's intimate connection with this nation and because of the glowing eulogies of America and her heroes, in which the piece, like all of its kind, abounds.

The third and most interesting of Woodworth's dramatic compositions was *The Forest Rose; or, American Farmers*. The description, "a pastoral opera," indicates that it continued the type of *The Deed of Gift*, a type which meanwhile had gained prominence through the success of two representatives: *Clari* (1823) by John Howard Payne (which contains the song "Home Sweet Home"), and *The Saw-Mill* (1824) by Micah Hawkins. But *The Forest Rose* greatly outranked them; indeed it was one of the longest-lived American plays before the Civil War,—this in spite of the fact that, according to the author's statement in the preface of the 1825 edition, it was hastily written. Its première occurred at the Chatham Theatre, New York, on October 6, 1825, when it was given as afterpiece to *The Lady of Lyons*.

The opera was hailed by the critics as an "acquisition to our dramatic stock," and was praised for the Americanism of its scenery, sentiments, and incidents. It was repeated at more or less frequent intervals at least until 1866, finding a place over and over again in the benefit programmes of various actors. In the course of time the music by John Davies, consisting of an elaborate descriptive overture and airs for some fifteen songs, came to be mostly omitted in representation.¹ The career of the play was by no means confined to New York; it is said to have run for over a hundred consecutive nights in London, and in remote California it became a favorite.

¹For the original form I have consulted the copy of the rare first edition in the Harris Collection at Brown University.

The plot has to do with a spirited country girl, whom a visiting English fop tries to seduce into an elopement with him. She appears to agree to his proposal, but matters are so arranged that he captures a negro servant girl instead. The heroine in the end of course gives her hand to her true lover, an honest American farmer. There is a sub-plot concerning another pair of lovers, who have been separated and are now united. And there is a Yankee tradesman, who furnishes much of the humor. To a modern reader the story is thin and the characters are unlikable, but when compared with its average contemporary *The Forest Rose* is seen to be one of the most pleasing dramas of its decade—"superior to nine-tenths of its class," says Ireland in his *Records of The New York Stage*.

The conspicuous success of the piece, however, is to be attributed less to the plot than to one of the characters, the Yankee, Jonathan Ploughboy. For Jonathan belongs to a tribe that American theatre-goers had already met and approved of, and that during the following years was to become one of the surest assets of the popular playwright. As a stage figure the Yankee owed his origin to Royall Tyler, whose *Contrast* in 1787 first brought the New England rustic before the footlights and first revealed the possibilities of American comedy-writing. Tyler's Jonathan was the progenitor of a long and honorable line of Yankees, many of them namesakes of their ancestor, and all of them inheriting his ignorance and gawkiness, his shrewdness and ingenuity, his dialect and provincialism. A crop of imitations sprang up with little delay. First came the young Dunlap's unpublished *Modest Soldier* (1787), which is reported by its author to have contained a Yankee servant. Two years later was printed Samuel Low's *Politician Outwitted* with a rustic who has traces of the dialect and other peculiarities of Jonathan. But neither of these plays was acted. Yankee speech was again heard on the stage in 1792, when J. Robinson's *Yorker's Stratagem* was given in New York. The fact that Yankeeism is here assumed by two characters as a disguise suggests that the innovation had been well received. Among the Yankee plays the more noticeable are: *Jonathan Postfree* (1807) by L. Beach, *Tears and Smiles* (1807) by J. N. Barker, *Love and Friendship* (1809) by A. B. Lindsley,

The Yankey in England (1815) by David Humphreys, *The Bucktails* (c. 1815) by J. K. Paulding, and *The Saw-Mill* by Hawkins, in which the Yankee manner is again used as a disguise.

Thus Woodworth had a sufficiency of precedents for employing the humor of the New England son of the soil. Indeed he showed a leaning in this direction in the earlier *Deed of Gift*, the characters of which are rural denizens of Massachusetts, though not typical Yankees. But in spite of the considerable number of such plays written before *The Forest Rose*, only four of them were ever performed, and none of the four enjoyed an existence of any duration. It was therefore left for Woodworth to create the first stage Yankee who attained anything like general popularity or length of days.

It may be well to look into the characteristics of this distinguished gentleman. Like his predecessors he speaks a dialect that was then supposed to prevail among the less enlightened inhabitants of New England and especially of Connecticut. Jonathan, like all his kin, never supposes or thinks; he "calculates" or "guesses." Instead of asking, he "axes." He finds "an't" more economical than "is not." He declares that "he wouldn't sarve a negro so." His favorite expletive is "darn," or for variety "darnation" used both as a noun and an adjective. His speech is full of homely comparisons pertaining to cows, pigs, etc. When money is concerned Jonathan has a sharp eye, but otherwise his ignorance and gullibility make him an easy prey to the guile of his fickle inamorata. Yet his intentions are good, and in a blundering way he aids in saving the heroine from the villain. His part in the plot, however, is not vital, his function being chiefly to provide comic realism.

The actor who first essayed the part of Jonathan was Alexander Simpson, a competent low comedian. His impersonation so delighted a young supernumerary by the name of George H. Hill that he resolved to become an actor of Yankee parts. In 1832 as Jonathan Ploughboy he made his first hit, and by his skill in this and similar rôles he shortly became famous throughout the United States and England as "Yankee" Hill. Joshua Silsbee was another Yankee interpreter who extended the fame of *The*

Forest Rose by his success in the part on the London stage. Still another to appear as Jonathan was Henry Placide, perhaps the foremost American comedian of his day.

The Forest Rose was followed within a few weeks by a melodrama, *The Widow's Son; or, Which is the Traitor?*, with numerous songs set to music by J. H. Swindells. It was first acted at the Park Theatre on November 25, 1825. *The Mirror* declared that the play was murdered on this occasion, but that it would become a favorite if performed as written. Seemingly it was never so performed, for after two more nights it was relegated to that shelf from which plays return not.

Woodworth based his plot on a historical personage, Margaret Darby, who figured obscurely in the Revolution as the Witch of Blagge's Cove. She was an eccentric woman, who, when her son joined the British forces and led an expedition against the Americans, in despair went to live in a rocky glen, where she supported herself by fortune-telling. Washington sometimes engaged her to carry information to the Americans in New York. All this we are told in an introduction to the piece as published in 1825. The story centres about the renegade son, over whom Margaret watches constantly, apparently with the object of reclaiming him for the American cause. In the end he is killed fighting a duel with an English officer, an act which redeems him in Margaret's eyes. The play is badly built; the scene shifts with the frequency of a moving-picture film, the interest is not properly centralized about the main characters, and there is an excess of incident.

Like *La Fayette*, *The Widow's Son* is a patriotic drama, but the latter is more in accordance with the type which had long prevailed, since its setting is American and its events are drawn directly from American history. The three Revolutionary personages most often introduced by previous playwrights, Washington, Arnold, and André, are here frequently mentioned, though they do not appear. Washington, as always, is spoken of with reverence, Arnold, also as always, with hatred and contempt, and André, as usual, with respect and apologetic admiration. *The Widow's Son* follows the practice of numerous predecessors in presenting a romantic story of little or no historical accuracy,

but with a definitely historical background. As previous illustrations of the same thing we may name Mrs. Susannah Rowson's *Slaves in Algiers* (1794), Barker's *Indian Princess*, Noah's *She Would be a Soldier*, and Clinch's *Spy*.

As a Gothic melodrama *The Widow's Son* has an additional claim to our interest. This species came into being in America through the work of William Dunlap, who, influenced by the Gothic plays and especially the Gothic novels of England, between 1795 and 1801 wrote and staged *Fontainville Abbey*, *The Mysterious Monk* (printed as *Ribbemont*), *The Knight's Adventure* (revised by Hodgkinson as *The Man of Fortitude*), and *Abaellino*, translated from the German. These are all filled with mysteries, marvels, and terroristic machinery such as skeletons, blood-rusted daggers, subterranean passages, and howling storms. To be sure the supernaturalism is only seeming, for a natural explanation of all such phenomena is eventually offered. Ere long the play-going public was enamored of the innovation, sanctioned as it was by an increasing English usage and by the presentation here of M. G. Lewis's *Castle Spectre* and its ilk. Consequently writers sought to satisfy the demand with plays like *The Mysteries of the Castle* (1807) by J. B. White, *The Wood Daemon* (1808) by J. D. Turnbull, *Marmion* (1812) by J. N. Barker, *The Forest of Rosenwald* (1821) by J. Stokes, and *The Forgers* (1825) by J. B. White.

The Widow's Son has some decidedly Gothic touches. Several times Margaret makes a mysterious appearance or disappearance, and by her speeches deceives the people into believing her powers are more than mortal. Still more to the point is the scene in her cottage, which is fitted with the emblematic and occult devices that pertain to the black art. Her son comes to have his fortune told, and after mystifying him with pretended magic she reveals the wraith of the man he has shot. Twice does she cause this ghost to appear as a rebuke to her son, a feat easily performed inasmuch as the supposed dead man is still alive and well.

The witch *motif* had appeared before in American drama, first in the person of Joan of Arc in John Burk's *Female Patriotism* (1798), a play with some Gothic tendencies. Again in Barker's *Superstition* (1823) we find a woman accused of practising witch-

craft. But Woodworth was probably indebted mainly to *Guy Mannering*, an opera by Daniel Terry, based on Scott's novel. It began a long career in this country in 1816. Meg Merrilies figures prominently therein as a beneficent sorceress and guardian of the hero's fortunes. Margaret Darby differs from Meg chiefly in that the former's mystic powers exist only in the minds of the credulous, whereas the gipsy has a genuine gift of clairvoyance.

Meg and Margaret had a noticeable influence during the next few years. *The Evil Eye* (1831) by J. B. Phillips contains a sort of male witch, a man who, having gained the reputation of possessing the evil eye, uses the belief for his own ends. Better examples are to be seen in Stephen Glover's *Cradle of Liberty* (1832) and J. S. Jones's *Moll Pitcher; or, The Fortune Teller of Lynn* (1839), each with its mysterious woman who forecasts the future. The closest resemblance to Margaret is found in Jones's *Captain Kyd* (1839), in which there is a weird creature who uses all manner of mechanical devices to produce the proper illusion, and who proves to be the mother of the picaresque hero.

An anonymous play, *King's Bridge Cottage: A Revolutionary Tale*, was printed in 1826. The title-page merely says: "Written by a Gentleman of N. York," but it is generally agreed by bibliographers that the gentleman was Woodworth. There is some internal evidence to this effect, for the plot, in which the heroine is caught in the snares of a British villain but rescued in the crucial moment by her soldier-lover, resembles some incidents in his novel, *The Champions of Freedom*. Moreover, the tone of the two works is similar, both being melodramatic in the extreme and marked by an excess of patriotic bombast and extravagant laudation of Washington. If the piece is by Woodworth he was continuing the practice of using American history for theatrical purposes, which we have already noted. *King's Bridge Cottage* appears to have been originally acted by a company of amateurs, but on February 22, 1833, it was regularly performed at the Richmond Hill Theatre.

After the period of industry which ended in 1826, Woodworth's dramatic zeal seems to have abated for several years, but in 1833 he once more bestirred himself and committed three plays to the stage. The first of these, *The Cannibals; or, Massacre Islands*,

was brought out at the Bowery Theatre on February 20, and was honored with some twenty-four repetitions during the year. Though it was unpublished, we get some idea of its contents by consulting its source, Captain Benjamin Morrell's *Narrative of Four Voyages*, New York, 1832. In this book Captain Morrell told of his discovery of a group of islands in the South Sea, and of the crew's sanguinary experiences at the hands of the treacherous, cannibalistic inhabitants. That the presentation of the play was not wholly realistic we gather from *The Mirror* of March 16, which protested that the natives, being thorough savages, should not appear with white faces and attired in calico frocks and green jackets.

The Cannibals, like all Woodworth's plays, reflects a marked tendency of its period. It is one of those dramas that were based on striking or significant contemporary incidents. In his *Records of the Boston Stage* W. W. Clapp states that "in the early days of the theatre, every public event of sufficient importance was immediately dramatized." In corroboration we need only refer to the numerous topical plays written during the Revolution, the Tripolitan troubles around 1794, and the War of 1812. There were also others dealing with unusual happenings not connected with the history of the nation, such as *Bonaparte in England* (1803) by Dunlap, which was built on the laughable arrest by English officials of a stranger who resembled the brother of Napoleon; and *Captain Morgan; or, The Conspiracy Unveiled* (1827) by C. S. Talbot, an echo of the anti-Masonic agitation. To this class *The Cannibals* belongs.

Of the second 1833 play, *Blue Laws; or, Eighty Years Ago*, we know practically nothing except that it was an unpublished farce and was brought out at the Bowery Theatre on March 15, 1833, with four repetitions.

The Forest Rose thoroughly established the Yankee humorist as a favorite figure on the American stage and a stock character in our drama. We have already seen that four comedians distinguished themselves as Jonathan Ploughboy. Others zealously sought to achieve the Yankee dialect and interpolated Yankee stories into their programmes. No less an actor than James H. Hackett in 1826 added such impersonations to his repertory,

thereby greatly augmenting his popularity. To meet his new requirement, about 1827 he altered George Colman's *Who Wants a Guinea?* into *Jonathan in England*, in which he starred on both sides of the Atlantic.

The interest of theatre-goers in Yankee characters and the tendency of divers actors to specialize in them had the inevitable effect of directing playwrights into this field. Among the resulting products we might mention Dunlap's *Trip to Niagara* (1828), with its twenty-five or more performances, in which Yankee disguise is conspicuously used. In *The Cradle of Liberty* (1832) by Stephen Glover, a figure with some of the Yankee earmarks appears. Of much more importance is J. S. Jones's *Green Mountain Boy*, brought out on March 19, 1833, which furnished Hill with one of his well-known rôles in the person of Jedediah Homebred.

Woodworth's success with his first Yankee, the growing demand for such delineations, and possibly his own New England origin, all induced him to continue exploiting that interesting species. There is a touch of it in *The Widow's Son* in a Jack-of-all-trades, who says that at one time he was a Yankee peddler, selling tinware, wooden nutmegs, and cayenne pepper made from mahogany sawdust. *Cannibal Islands* contained a Yankee tar, who was praised for his genuineness. *Blue Laws* was no doubt graced with a cousin of Jonathan Ploughboy in one Timothy Shrewdboy.

Into the last play he wrote our author introduced still another of the tribe. G. H. Hill in 1833 offered a prize of \$400 for the best Yankee play to be submitted to him. Thirteen pieces were entered in the contest. The prize was awarded to *The Foundling of the Sea*, by Woodworth, which was brought out at the Park on May 14. The meagre number of three additional performances would indicate that it gave no great satisfaction. Since the play was not published, we must rely on a synopsis in *The Mirror* of May 18 for our knowledge of the plot. The scene is a mineral spring resort, where a Boston man, who several years before lost his wife and son at sea, is visiting a friend. The latter's daughter has the curious fortune of being loved by two William Smiths, a fact which leads to numerous complications.

In a crisis the heroine's life is saved by a Yankee peddler from Vermont, Zachariah Dickerwell, who proves to be the long-lost son of the Bostonian. The play appears to have had little dramatic unity, but at least it possessed, so *The Mirror* assures us, the merit of originality. It was written no doubt with the sole idea of gaining four hundred much-needed dollars.

Having been established as a stock character, in part by the assiduity of Woodworth, the Yankee continued to flourish and live long in the land. Dramatists eagerly cultivated his acquaintance and devised rôles for the chief actors in this field. Sy Saco in J. A. Stone's *Knight of the Golden Fleece* (1834) was one of Hill's most popular parts for years. Other star rôles of the leading actors were Lot Sap Sago in *Yankee Land* (1834) and Deuteronomy Dutiful in *The Vermont Wool Dealer* (1839) both by C. A. Logan; Solon Shingle in *The People's Lawyer* (1839) by J. S. Jones; and Hiram Dodge in *The Yankee Peddler* (1841) by Morris Barnett. As Professor A. H. Quinn says in his chapter on "The Early Drama" in *The Cambridge History of American Literature*, "These plays were usually of the same type, a comedy or melodrama into which a Yankee comic character has been inserted. He bears little relation to the play, but it is this very detachment that makes him important, for he is the one spot of reality among a number of stage conventions."

The success of the Yankee parts in general must have depended on the skill of the actor rather than on the excellence of the lines. To a reader the dialogue is exceedingly thin and unamusing. But no doubt the rôle was much enriched by the manner of a skilful comedian, who would indulge in a quantity of appropriate stage business. That this was the intention of the authors we may gather from occasional directions to the players to add some Yankee story of their choice. Yet trivial as most of these characters were, they pointed the way to superior achievements, such as Asa Trenchard in *Our American Cousin* (1858) by Tom Taylor, and some of the creations of James A. Herne.

But during these years the Yankee was not compelled to rely entirely on the drama for his existence. As a matter of fact it was the fiction writer who first introduced him to the world at large. In 1809 Washington Irving's *History of New York* came out with its famous analysis of the Connecticut citizenry. Ten years later *The Sketch Book* set forth a specific example in the person of the immortal Ichabod Crane. With such precedents

as these and the plays, the non-dramatic writers with considerable unanimity began adorning their pages with New England oddities. J. Fenimore Cooper was the most persistent. No less than seven of his novels contain Yankees, ranging from the heroic Long Tom Coffin of *The Pilot* (1823) through the simple David Gamut of the *Last of the Mohicans* (1826) to the despicable and crafty Jason Newcome in *Satanstoe* and *The Chainbearer* (1845).² John Neal's novels, *Brother Jonathan* (1825) and *Down-Easters* (1833), abound in Yankeeism. *Guy Rivers* (1834) by William Gilmore Simms presents in the Connecticut peddler, Jared Bunce, a most complete representative. Robert M. Bird's *Nick of the Woods* (1837) has a peddler from Massachusetts. The Yankee and his speech also served the political propagandist well in such writings as Asa Green's *Yankee Among the Nullifiers* (1833); Seba Smith's *Letters of J. Downing, Major* (1833); *The Clock Maker; or, Sayings and Doings of Samuel Slick of Slickville* (1837) and other works of Thomas Chandler Haliburton of Nova Scotia, which were a distinct contribution to American dialect humor;³ and, most conspicuous, Lowell's brilliant *Biglow Papers* (1846-67). Perhaps it is not too much to say that Woodworth's delineations were not a little influential in calling out much of this body of material.

Considered as a whole, Woodworth's plays make little appeal to a modern reader. They are almost devoid of literary excellence and beyond a certain amount of rather crude theatrical effectiveness their dramatic qualities are but mediocre. They were written with only one object in mind, immediate stage success. To achieve this aim, the author conformed to the taste of his epoch, a taste which is not ours of to-day. But this very fact gives his dramas a distinct element of interest, because it makes of them a kind of mirror reflecting the tendencies of that earlier period. Aside from blank-verse tragedy, a type that had as yet won no real popularity, practically every species of play then current in our theatres is represented in the writings of Woodworth.

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²Other Cooper novels containing Yankees are *The Pioneers* (1823), *Lionel Lincoln* (1825), and *The Redskins* (1846).

³Professor V. L. O. Chittick of the University of Washington has in preparation a volume on Haliburton.

LOST MEMOIRS OF ANTIQUITY

In a charming essay upon the pleasure of reading autobiography a modern essayist has said:—

“If any ancient wrote his autobiography, the book has not come down to us. We say as much under correction of those who ought to know better; and if any more instructed reader will refer us to a Greek or Roman, or even an Egyptian or Assyrian autobiography, we will thank him and will lose no time in reading it.”

The implication seems to be that the memoir, as a species of literature, was unknown to the ancient world. Of Egypt and Assyria the supposition is true so far as we know, for no literary form like the memoir has been found among the cuneiform inscriptions or hieroglyphic records. Nor is the type known in the golden age of Greek literature—the fifth century before Christ. But the post-classical age of Greece and Roman literature almost from its inception abounds with evidence that the Greeks and Romans were prolific memoir writers.

It is singular that with all its myriad-mindedness the literary impulses of Attic Greece should have failed to produce an autobiographic form of literature. To be sure, Socrates had his Xenophon as Johnson had his Boswell. But the *Memorabilia* is the revelation of Socrates through the alembic of Xenophon's mind. One gets nothing of the *vie intime* of Socrates in it. It is too philosophical to be anecdotal, or possess that charm of intimacy which characterizes Boswell.

The nearest approach to the memoir in the classic period of Greek literature is Xenophon's *Anabasis*. Perhaps the edge of this famous narrative has been dulled for us by generations of use as a schoolboy text in which optatives were to be parsed and irregular verbs to be conjugated. Yet save for a few picturesque touches here and there like the description of the passing of the watchword, “Zeus, Saviour and Victory,” down the Greek battle-line on the morning of Cunaxa, and the immortal “Thalatta” of the wearied Ten Thousand in sight of the sea,

looking with all their eyes, as Balboa's troops two thousand years later—

" . . . stared at the Pacific, and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise,
Silent, upon a peak in Darien"—

save for touches like these one gets tired of endless parasangs and continual breakfasts in the *Anabasis*.

An erudite German, in a work which a French reviewer feelingly describes as *terriblement germanique*, has endeavored to find in a limitation of the Greek genius the explanation of this absence of autobiographic writing in the Periclean Age. The plastic mind of the Greeks, he argues, accentuated the importance of the ideal instead of viewing the life of man in the broken lights of reality. Whatever be the explanation, it remains true that the nearest approach to autobiography in the Attic period is to be found in the *Apologia pro vita* prefixed to Demosthenes' oration *On the Crown* and the introduction to Isocrates' *Exchange of Properties*. But these are encomiastic, not historical in nature and rhetorical in form. They lack the spontaneity and directness habitually associated with memoirs.

Yet antiquity had its St. Simons and its Marbots. The real memoir of ancient times owed its origin to the conquests of Alexander the Great. The brief but mighty Macedonian epoch, extending from the battle of Chæronea in 338 B.C. to the death of Alexander in 323, profoundly influenced the nature and scope of historical writing. Alexander's conquests widened the horizon of Hellenistic thought, enormously stimulated the imagination of men, and provoked an intelligent curiosity in geography and ethnography which is reflected in the memoirs to which his career gave birth. The sense of great achievement which the epoch evoked tempted many of his generals to record what had been seen and done, exactly as Napoleon's marshals did later.

The original type of memoir is a narrative of action or of objective events. The introspective journal of self-revelation, of which Rousseau's *Confessions* and Amiel's *Journal* are modern examples, is a late post-classical development which has its origin in the ascendancy of the Stoic philosophy and ascetic Christianity with its morbid spiritual self-consciousness. The *Medi-*

tations of Marcus Aurelius are a pagan type of this kind; the *Confessions* of St. Augustine an early Christian example.

Undoubtedly the greatest loss among Alexandrian memoirs is that of Alexander's famous general, Ptolemy Soter, the conqueror of Egypt, founder of the dynasty of which Cleopatra was the last. What Marbot did for the Corsican, Ptolemy seems to have done for Alexander, judging from extracts from his memoirs in Quintus Curtius, Plutarch, and Arrian. Certainly among all the survivors of that world of war no one was nearer the hero of it than he, and no one better understood Alexander and his designs. Arrian's famous praise of their modesty and exactness is witness to the high value attached to these vanished memorials of a mighty past. Alexander was no Achilles desirous of a Homer, but Ptolemy knew that great men had lived since Agamemnon, and that Alexander was one of them. What would we not give for the recollections of such a man? We would see Alexander master of his destiny at Issus as completely as Le Jeune saw Napoleon at Austerlitz. We know what were Napoleon's thoughts on the hot march from Egypt to Syria. What were Alexander's? Did Ptolemy write his memoirs from day to day as La Baume did in the Russian campaign, using the same knife to cut horse steaks and to trim his pen, and making ink by mixing gunpowder and melted snow? Was Tyre in flames the candle light to Ptolemy as Moscow was to the intrepid Frenchman? Alas! We can only conjecture.

Next to Ptolemy's in importance are the memoirs of Callisthenes. Considerable portions of his *Persica* remain. His descriptions of Alexander's march, of the visit to the shrine of Jupiter Ammon in the desert, of the battles of Issus and Arbela, of the winter quarters in Bactriana, have the sincerity and veritableness of Marbot's memoirs of Napoleon. Callisthenes was a nephew of Aristotle, Alexander's master, and himself a man of great intelligence and culture. His opposition to the conqueror's orientalizing policy, in which he saw a peril to the Greek world, cost him his life, for Alexander put him to death for his fearless criticism of his course.

Other military memoirs of Alexander are those of Cleomenes and Eumenes of Cardia. The former was made governor of

Arabia and collector of the Red Sea tribute. Later he was entrusted with the building of Alexandria and amassed an enormous fortune by speculation in grain. Eumenes of Cardia was Alexander's secretary, as Bourienne was to Napoleon, and later was made a satrap of Paphlagonia, Cappadocia, and Pontus, as Bourienne became governor of Hamburg after the French conquest of Germany.

But the court life and the civil career of Alexander were no less interesting and important than his military achievements; and as Madame de Rémusat, whose husband was imperial chamberlain to Napoleon, wrote those famous memoirs of court life under the First Empire which bear her name, so also Alexander's *eisaggelos*, or court chamberlain, Chares of Mitylene, described the court life, the pompous oriental etiquette, the Persian noblesse and petty potentates that thronged the conqueror's palace in Susa, in seven books, which are all lost.

The parallel between Alexander and himself was not a piece of self-adulation on the part of Bonaparte. Many historians have acknowledged the truth of it. With a change of time and place we can imagine Alexander saying, as Thibaudeau relates of Napoleon:—

"Victories which are past soon cease to strike the imagination, just as works of art make a strong impression only on those who see them.

"The vice of modern legislation is that it makes no appeal to the imagination. Unless you touch the imagination you cannot govern men; without imagination man is only an animal."

General Ségur relates that on the eve of Austerlitz Napoleon discussed the function of the drama with Junot and others of his staff, and quoted the *Œdipus Rex* in proof of his argument. Alexander was a pupil of Aristotle, who said that the office of tragedy was to chasten the passions. Is it whimsical to think that the over-soul of the mighty Macedonian conqueror, on the eve before the battle of Arbela or Granicus may have found relief from the tension in conversing with his officers of Æschylus and Sophocles?

There is another class of Alexandrian memoirs which is not primarily military or political in its nature, but which has to

deal with the history of exploration and discovery. Time has dealt more generously with these, for extensive fragments of them, thanks to Strabo and Ptolemy, the geographers, have been preserved. As Napoleon's Egyptian campaign was in part also a scientific expedition, accompanied by the most distinguished of French savants, so Alexander was followed by men of science, whose researches widened the borders of geographic and ethnographic knowledge. The Macedonian epoch is the first great age of exploration and discovery, and in its stimulating influence upon the imagination of the time is comparable to the age of the Renaissance with the discoveries of Columbus, Vasco da Gama, and Magellan. The *Periplon* of Nearchus, who commanded the fleet built upon the Hydaspes, which descended the Indus to the sea and explored the Persian Gulf and the coast of Arabia, recalls the exploits of Prince Henry the Navigator. Fuller than the *Periplon* is the *Indica* of Megasthenes, which is of even greater geographic and ethnographic value. Megasthenes was the first European to learn of Brahmanism and to tell of the castes of India. What Marco Polo and the realm of Prester John were to the Middle Ages these memoirs of Arabia and India were to the Hellenistic world.

But even in these early days the memoir writers of antiquity seem to have assumed the right to do what their modern congeners have done so flagrantly—to commingle the actual and the apocryphical so adroitly that the reader often treads the penumbral frontier of legend and myth. Myth-hunting is not a sport reserved only for students of folk-lore, as the scholar who has threaded his way through the memoirs of the French Revolution well knows.

Lucian relates an anecdote which is very illuminating in that it shows the primordial perversity of memoir writers. As Alexander was descending the Hydaspes one of his suite was reading to him an account of the defeat of Poros, in which it was told how Alexander slew his adversary's elephant with a single blow of his spear. This flattery was too much for the young conqueror's sense of historical accuracy; he snatched the book away and threw it into the water with the comment that the author of such mendacity ought to be treated like his book. Another as apocry-

phal tale of Alexander is that the Queen of the Amazons became his mistress. Apropos of this legend Plutarch tells the story of how, when years later Onesicritus was reading this romance to Lysimachus, one of Alexander's generals, Lysimachus drily remarked: "Where could I have been at that time?"

The memoir soon had a great vogue throughout the Hellenistic world. Polybius used the memoirs of Aratus, the founder of the Achæan League, in writing his *Roman History*. Dionysius of Halicarnassus says that Pyrrhus, Rome's most redoubtable antagonist before Hannibal, wrote the history of his achievements.

The Romans took naturally to memoir writing after the Second Punic War. Cato's *Origines*, which, as the name implies, began with the founding of the city, judging from what we know of it, must have been one of the most interesting and singular histories ever written. Unlike the early annalists of Rome, who were content with bald narrative and dry chronicle, Cato introduced a vast amount of information of an ethnographic, geographic, and economic nature derived from first-hand observation. The sixth and seventh books were strictly memoirs. Writing of Spain, where he had been pro-consul, he described the manners and customs of the natives, the fish in the Ebro river, the silver mines which had been worked since the time of the Phœnicians, etc. In spite of his hatred of Hellenism Cato seems in these particulars to have borrowed the method of the Alexandrian explorers. One peculiarity, absolutely characteristic, deserves to be noticed. Throughout the entire work no person was mentioned by name. The Roman general is always called *imperator*; Hannibal is "commander of the enemy." This eccentricity would be almost unbelievable if it were not confirmed by Cornelius Nepos and Pliny the elder, and is all the more singular since the age was redolent with the deeds of great men—Scipio, Fulvius Nobilior, Fabius Cunctator, and Hannibal. But Cato was a downright plebeian. He took the ground that Rome's battles were won by the common soldiers, and that it was unjust to give the glory to the generals. The only proper name in the *Origines* was that of an elephant in the Roman army named Surus, which behaved so valiantly in battle against the Carthaginians that Cato deigned to mention its name.

But the Latin memoir *per se* first appears about 100 B.C. The motive of authorship was wholly political self-vindication. The writers were soldiers and statesmen who sought to defend their policies. Tacitus alludes to this class in the foreword to the *Life of Agricola*. Notable examples of such, in the first century B.C., are Æmilius Scaurus, Lutatius, the victor over the Cimbri and jealous rival of Marius, Rutilius Rufus, and the great Sulla.

Rutilius Rufus was a friend of Scipio Æmilianus and the Stoic philosopher Panætius, and was a Stoic himself. Cicero says that he almost realized the perfection of the sage, and praises his great learning and knowledge of literature. He was born about 150 B.C., served in the Numantian War—of which he wrote a history—and the Jugurthine War, and was consul in 105. After his consulship, during the administration of which his rugged ideas of honesty made him many enemies, in 98 he was sent into the province of Asia with the pro-consul Scævola. At this time Asia was the richest province of Rome, and, of course, the one worst pillaged by the tax collectors. Accident compelled Scævola to return home, and Rutilius began a campaign against the abuses in the provincial administration. His enemies never forgave him. He was falsely indicted under the Lex Calpurnia, the purpose of which was to prevent abuse of office [the irony in the application of the law in Rutilius's case is terrible], and condemned to exile in Smyrna, where Cicero visited him in his old age. The memoirs of such a man, had they survived, would be invaluable for the history of Roman provincial administration.

Impartial time has also destroyed the memoirs of Rutilius's arch-enemy Æmilius Scaurus. He was popular with the corrupt aristocratic party, and made a fortune by questionable methods in the Jugurthine War. Sallust characterizes him as "energetic, intriguing, eager for power, honor, riches, and very cunning in concealing his vices."

The memoirs of Lutatius Catulus clearly show that the Roman memoir owes its birth to a desire on the part of the author to vindicate his political course. Lutatius was a colleague of Marius in the consulship in 102 B.C. Although the aristocrats were in power Marius was elected on account of his military record, for Italy

was threatened by an invasion of the Cimbri and the Teutons. Marius encountered the latter at Aix, in Southern France, while Lutatius proceeded against the Cimbri, whom he met at Vercellæ, on the Adige river. A panic of the soldiers compelled him to fall back to the Po. Marius came to his relief, but the actual battle which ensued was won by Lutatius, for Marius made a bad manœuvre, which might have overthrown the Roman forces. Lutatius' military adroitness saved the day. But Marius, like Napoleon at Marengo, garbled the official report in order to save his reputation. His party supported him, and the bitter partisan controversy which followed was the Sampson-Schley dispute of republican Rome.

Cæsar's *Commentaries* are really memoirs designed to be a vindication of his political and military course. While seemingly a straightforward narrative of events, they are so deftly written that the historian has need to exercise great caution in the use of them.

But of all early Roman memoirs the loss of those of Sulla is most to be regretted. What the memoirs of the French Revolution are to us these lost *mémoires pour servir* of Sulla would be to Roman history. And the parallel would be remarkable. Sulla instituted terror and proscription as a principle of rule in 82 B.C. as Robespierre and Danton resorted to terror in 1793-94. After his retirement to Cumæ the great dictator spent his declining years in the composition of his memoirs. They were entitled *Commentarii rerum gestarum*. At the time of his death he had finished twenty books. Plutarch, who lived in the second century A.D., used them in writing the lives of Lucullus, Marius, and Sulla himself.

Comparable to Sulla's memoirs, if he had ever carried out his intention, would have been those of Cicero. That the great orator once contemplated writing them we know from a letter to his friend Lucceius, whom he urged to write the history of his consulship, pleading his own bashfulness — a singular admission in the light of the excessive vanity which characterizes Cicero's forensic utterances.

Under the Empire it became the common practice for the emperors to write the history of their own reigns. Augustus's *His-*

tory of His Own Times is quoted by Pliny the elder, Suetonius, Plutarch, Appian, and Cassius Dio. There is partial compensation for the loss of these memorials of one of the mightiest in the seats of the mighty in the famous inscription of Ancyra, which has been preserved, but the loss is yet a large one. Regret is less for the loss of Claudius's memoirs. Though Livy was his tutor, Claudius was a dullard. Suetonius describes his style as *magis inepte quam ineleganter*. Yet an indefatigable pedant has his virtues. Though his treatment probably was dry, with the access to public libraries and state archives which he commanded, Claudius must have amassed a huge fund of documentary evidence. Tiberius, too, wrote a *De vita sua* of brief compass, but it must have been of surpassing interest. What would we not give for the other side of the sinister portrait drawn by Tacitus? The dark-minded and vicious Domitian seems to have had a hobby for memoirs. "He never read history or poetry," Suetonius tells us; "he read nothing but memoirs." But of all the memoirs of the early Roman Empire those of Agrippina, the mother of Nero, the Catherine de Médici of the old Roman world, had they survived, would be of absorbing interest. Tacitus evidently valued them and Pliny the elder praises them.

The memoirs of the Cæsars must have had a semi-official character, like those of Frederic the Great. But there was another class of memoirs which did not circulate so freely, because of their opposition nature. The late Gaston Boissier, in a remarkable book, has written the history of this secret literary opposition under the first Cæsars. It is an interesting chapter in the early history of censorship. The issue first appeared in the reign of Augustus. Before him it had never entered the mind of any Roman legislator to seek to abridge liberty of thought and liberty of speech. Even Julius Cæsar, who was ridiculed, accused, lampooned, derided as few men in history have been, adhered to tradition and left his caricaturists unmolested. But Augustus, like Napoleon, was determined to have the history of his time written *his* way or not at all, and the law of treason was extended to libel. Hitherto, as Tacitus says, "Men had been arraigned for their actions, but speech had been free."

The first conspicuous victim of the new order of things was Cæsar's old lieutenant, Labienus. His memoirs were never published, but circulated privately till the manuscript fell into the hands of the imperial police and was destroyed. Another who suffered was Cremutius Cordus. Tacitus, whose convictions were anti-imperial, has recorded his scorn of such measures of repression: "One is inclined to laugh at the stupidity of men who suppose that the despotism of the present can efface the remembrance of the next generation. On the contrary, the persecution of genius fosters its influence; tyrants and all who have imitated their oppressions have merely procured infamy for themselves and glory for their victims." The utterance has the ring of St. Simon's sardonic comments on the policy of Louis XIV.

It must have been from writers living under the Julian emperors and Domitian that the great annalist drew part of the information for his *Annals* and the *Histories*. His sombre pages evidently owe much to sources such as these. Even a mind so analytic and an imagination so powerful as Tacitus possessed could not have endowed the dry official records of Rome—proceedings of the Senate, lists of magistrates, imperial and municipal archives—with that psychological quality which is the life of history without their use. Take for example the chapter recounting the poisoning of Britannicus. The reader seems in the very presence of the actors of the tragic drama—the stripling Britannicus; Nero, fat, sensual, cruel; the implacable Agrippina; Locusta, the courtesan, playing the part of a Lucretia Borgia; the great dining-hall, brilliant with lights and ringing with music; the picture is painted by a master hand and seems almost that of an eye-witness. The same is true of the wonderful chapter in which Tiberius, after the death of Augustus, with feigned modesty addresses the Roman Senate. The account has the serio-comic air of the "Day of Dupes," under Richelieu, and must have been derived from the memoirs of some De Retz of ancient Rome.

Few epochs in history are more difficult for the historian than the first century of the Roman Empire. If the psychology of men like Augustus and Tiberius baffled Tacitus, what shall we expect of writers of a later age seeking for truth with far less

data than he? Add to this the fact that, with the centralization of rule, men's ignorance of public affairs was greater than before; the enmity of a secret yet powerful opposition and the flattery of a crowd of courtiers whose memoirs were as unreliable as those of Madame de Motteville. Tacitus expressed the difficulty when he wrote: "While we instinctively shrink from a writer's adulation, we lend a ready ear to detraction and spite, because flattery involves the shameful imputation of servility, whereas malignity wears a false appearance of honesty."

However, between the memoirs of invective and detraction and those of immoderate flattery like the history of Velleius Paterculus, to whom Tiberius was hero and demi-god, there was room found for a series of purely military memoirs which avoided dangerous questions of policy and dealt with things of action. Prominent among such were Aufidius Bassus's *Recollections of the Wars in Germany*, which Pliny the elder continued. The loss of these works is a poignant one for scholars. Pliny had served in Germany during the greater portion of Nero's reign, was quæstor of Vespasian's army in the east and on the staff of Titus in the siege of Jerusalem. He supplemented this rich experience by indefatigable labor and an insatiable curiosity. Antiquity had no other man quite like Pliny.

After the beginning of the second century Roman literature falls away. Imagination was dead in the West. In the East only there was still light where Arrian, Plutarch, Cassius Dio, and Herodian continued — though at far remove from the standard set by Thucydides and Polybius — the traditions of Greek historiography. The real history of the Latin west after 100 A.D. has to be written from the inscriptions.

But aside from the fact that the well-springs of Latin thought were drying up, after Trajan's time there was little active history until the barbarian invasions began. The universal peace of the Antonine period did not contribute to the making of events. Then, too, men were changed with the times. The writers are moralists and philosophers. The Stoic belief pushed Socrates' interpretation of "Know thyself" to its logical end. Thought became subjective and introspective, and ceased to be interested in the outside realities. Marcus Aurelius's *Medita-*

tions is a spiritual autobiography in harmony with the new order of things. Christianity emphasized self-revelation still more. Already St. Paul had struck the key-note: "If I needs must glory, I will glory in the things which concern my infirmities." Finally the ever wonderful *Confessions* of St. Augustine fixed the new type of spiritual memoir throughout the Middle Ages.

"With Christianity," Victor Hugo has written in that matchless interpretation of the world's literature prefixed to his *Cromwell*, "and by its means there entered into the mind of the nations a new sentiment, unknown to the ancients and marvelously developed among moderns, a sentiment which is more than gravity and less than sadness—melancholy."

The vivid, energetic, anecdotal memoirs of men and events vanished for a thousand years from the face of literature till the new individualism of the Renaissance, an age not spiritually but scientifically minded, an age of discovery, of statecraft, of sharp political action revived them again in Marco Polo, Boucicault, Commynes, and the incomparable Benvenuto Cellini.

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THE MAKING AND THE USE OF A VERBAL CONCORDANCE

A concordance, as we learn from Sir James Murray, is, in general, an agreement or harmony; more particularly, in the art of music, an agreeable or satisfactory blending of sounds or notes. Further on in his great Dictionary, we observe that the name of "concordance" is also applied to "an alphabetical arrangement of the principal words in a book, with citations of the passages in which they occur." In its application to the art of letters has the metaphor from music lost all its vitality? Let us hope it has not. In those books for which concordances now exist—the King James Bible, for instance—the words have a value for the ear as well as the eye, a significance as musical sounds which their arrangement in alphabetical order may even render more obvious. One is tempted to call the Oxford Dictionary itself (which, among its varied functions, to some extent serves as a concordance to parts of our earlier literature) an agreeable and satisfactory ordering of the significant sounds or verbal notes in the English language. This gigantic yet delicate framework may, indeed, be likened to a mighty harp, of innumerable strings, from which the bards of our race in the future will draw a music befitting the strength and purity of a world-wide English civilization. That is, we may describe a lexicon not only with respect to the materials of which it is composed, but with respect to its noblest and truest function, the service of poetry. And similarly we may define a concordance of an individual poet with regard not so much to its mechanical structure as to the highest purpose it may serve. It is something more than an alphabetical contrivance for the identification of half-forgotten lines of poetry. It is the gift of Hermes to Apollo.

In brief, we may describe a verbal concordance as an instrument designed for the promotion of literary study, poetical enjoyment, and even poetical achievement. Having once been engaged in assembling the parts of such a mechanism, I shall explain the manner in which my *Concordance to Wordsworth* came into being, and then indicate, after the fashion of an

instrument-maker, not an adept upon the harp, how the finished work may be used.

The history of this concordance is to some extent involved in that of The Concordance Society, which was organized in the year 1906, for some such reasons as follow. The assertion has often been made that the best of our modern poets deserve the kind of study that for generations has been lavished upon the poetry of the ancients. If the assertion be true, there is need of concerted action to provide the scholarly apparatus without which the taste and precision of classical learning cannot be reproduced in the domain of English. The first requisite to an exact and loving study of the poets is, of course, a collection of authentic texts; but here good fortune and the influence of classical and Biblical scholarship upon the editing of English masterpieces have not, after all, left so much to be desired. The next is an adequate historical dictionary of the language—which has been supplied by Sir James Murray and his coadjutors. The third requisite is a sufficient number of indexes to the thought and language of those English authors whom we are prepared to call "classic." Here, students of English hitherto have been at a great disadvantage in comparison with their brothers in Greek and Latin.

For example, suppose one discovers that the works of Shakespeare contain no reference to the Holy Ghost, and suppose one desires to learn whether the same be true of Chaucer and Spenser. Without a verbal index, one must either trust to memory—a thing the experienced will try to avoid; or possibly be forced to read every line that Chaucer and Spenser wrote—which for the ends of the student is hopeless, since the intelligent reader will ask himself fifty such questions in an hour. How different the case when we wish to satisfy our curiosity respecting the utterances, or the lack of utterance, upon any topic in Homer or Virgil, or in fact almost any author of classic Greece and Rome. For most of them the indexing long since was adequately done; hence the critic is not tempted to use an imperfect memory and unguided intuition upon those aspects of Greek and Latin literature which can and ought to be subjected to a thorough investigation. An undergraduate once assured me that the word *God*

was rare in Wordsworth. It occurs 274 times, filling about three columns of the Concordance.

When The Concordance Society was founded, there were verbal indexes of one kind or another to a few of the minor English poets; but of the five authors whom Coleridge and Matthew Arnold ranked highest in our poetry, only two, Shakespeare and Milton, had been provided with concordances. Chaucer, Spenser, and Wordsworth still could be, and were, criticized by guess-work, save when scholars like Professor Legouis approached them. He made a concordance of his own to *The Prelude* before writing what is the best of all interpretations of this poem. There were, indeed, various signs of a growing interest in English concordances; and the purpose of the new Society was to stimulate the production of such works, to disseminate information concerning those already made, and, where possible, to furnish pecuniary assistance toward the publication of those that, being satisfactorily completed in manuscript, were likely to prove useful to scholars throughout the world. In its aims, accordingly, the Society was to be international (it has been erroneously referred to in print as the *American* Concordance Society); scholars in all lands are welcome to the privileges of membership, if they are in sympathy with its ideal of service, and are content rather to give than to receive.

The first undertaking of this body was the production of a *Concordance to Gray*, a task which, through the agreeable and harmonious joining of hands, was completed, even to the printing, with smoothness and speed. The second work to be published under similar auspices, my *Concordance to Wordsworth*, was not definitely recognized as a project of the Society until some months after the copy was ready for the printer. However, several of the members, notably the President, not only gave counsel in the planning, but shared in the labor of recording the words and quotations, and in the alphabetical arrangement of the slips. Furthermore, the editor of this second concordance was one of the original members of the Society, and was nerved to his task in part by the hope that he might do something to justify its existence. Otherwise his motive was the belief that a true lover of Wordsworth (I am not a "Wordsworthian") could

render a more vital service to English literature by the unambitious toil of indexing the works of that poet than by writing enthusiastic essays upon their merits. In reality, to form a concordance of Wordsworth is almost the same thing as making the poet write literary essays about himself—an object well worth the zeal of any scholar or learned organization.

Experience with the verbal indexes to Gray and Wordsworth has shown that coöperative enterprises of this nature must be planned with great circumspection, and then, at a given signal, carried through with a long breath and a steady rush. Much care must be exercised in formulating the instructions for those persons who are to record the words and quotations. These instructions, brief if possible, must at any cost be clear and specific, incapable of misinterpretation, and expressed with such energy as to command unwavering obedience. Gently, it may be, yet absolutely, they must take from the individual the power of deciding any question for himself. When they have been subjected to the criticism of authorities upon the text which is to be excerpted (to specialists like Dowden and Hutchinson in the case of Wordsworth), it is well to submit them to the scrutiny of men experienced in compiling vocabularies and other works of reference. And finally, it is well if some less experienced hand make a working test of the instructions with the words in fifty lines or so of poetry.

The preliminaries, then, demand more thought and imagination than they who are unskilled in concordances might suppose. The choice of a basic text, for example, is not to be made at random. Fortunately, in the Oxford Wordsworth, Hutchinson had provided a handy volume, with a scrupulously faithful text, which readily lent itself to the necessary cutting and pasting. Sixteen copies of this book were parted and combined in such a way that there might be eight complete sets of the odd and eight of the even pages, when the alternate sides of the leaves were neglected. Commonly out of the eight or ten words in a line of poetry, four or five are *a's*, *the's*, *of's*, or *and's*; and four or five are significant words to be recorded, as *long*, *halloos*, *screams*, *echoes*, *loud*; but even when there were eight important words in a line, the helpers with the *Concordance to Wordsworth* were able

to cut and paste the printed line on eight separate slips of paper recording the words. Where the lines can be cut out and pasted, errors of transcription are avoided, and with a little practice the work goes on with great rapidity. A list of particles and other less significant words must, of course, be compiled in advance, and the principles governing omissions duly weighed. Thus for Wordsworth it was thought better to retain a part of the quotations for certain words that are not included in the main alphabet of Strong's *Concordance of the Bible*—for instance, the pronoun *I*. Since the serene gaze of the poet often fixed itself upon the very "pulse" of his own spirit, his utterances in the first person have no ordinary fascination for those who enjoy the study of typical men. Again, though a regard for expense brought about the omission of *as*, the *Concordance to Wordsworth* (here following Strong) includes several hundred references to *like*; so that anyone taking the work in his lap, may remark with the poet:—

I sit, and play with similes.

That is, one may pass an agreeable hour recombining the harmonies that Wordsworth saw in nature.

Forethought was also required to invent 728 catchwords to indicate the titles or first lines of the poems that were to be indexed. The difficulty of this task will be understood by those who are familiar with Wordsworth's method of naming and arranging his poems, and with the attempts of certain editors to supply a few names of their own devising, and to substitute for the poet's artistic ordering of his works a chronological arrangement which, upon æsthetic grounds, he never could have sanctioned—and which never has been, or can be, fully determined. The editor of the *Concordance* is wholly in favor of a conservative treatment both of text and titles, yet strove to render the volume useful to those who are tolerant of the "chronological" as well as to those who prefer the artistic arrangement of the poems.

In the choice of collaborators the maker of a concordance must be wary. For the work on a text as extensive as that of Wordsworth, one hundred persons would not be too many to enlist—actually there were forty-six; and ten or twenty of these should be kept in reserve to fill the places of any who may drop

out. In scholarly operations that have been reduced to the exercise of strict attention and manual dexterity, women as a rule may be expected to do better work than men, though the supremely efficient are likely to be found among the latter. But, in general, anyone who by habit forms exact visual images of words—who spells correctly, as we say—may be chosen to help with a concordance, if he knows how to sweep cleanly after the fashion praised by George Herbert, that is, if his little, ameless, unremembered acts are “fine.”

Due attention must be paid to uniformity in the materials that are given to the several collaborators. In the enterprise I have been describing, each received eight copies, as already explained, of a portion of the Oxford Wordsworth (usually about twenty-two pages), and a ninth for reference; a typewritten list of abbreviated titles of the poems in his section of text; and a set of “Instructions,” also in typewriting. And each was provided with something like 5,000 slips of a uniform color (white), weight, and size (5 x 2½ in.); a set of movable rubber types, a stamp to hold them, and an ink-pad; a ‘medium’ pencil; a pair of scissors; and a supply of library paste. Every item is important. It is necessary to have uniform slips for alphabeting, and desirable to use a pencil, not a pen, for the sake of speed.

The first hundred slips that each collaborator prepared after reading the “Instructions” were submitted to the editor for his supervision. When they had been returned with corrections or advice, the work was fairly in motion. The aim was to record each word in the text (save the omitted particles, etc.); the number of the page in the Oxford Wordsworth; the verse in which the word is found; the catchword used to indicate the poem; and the number of the line—thus:—

joy

640

The bond of union between life and joy.

Prelude 1. 558

The following, as it seems to me, is the ideal method for speed and accuracy in recording the words in a typical poem, say a sonnet. Laying 70 blank slips on a table, one stamps in the upper right-hand corner of each the number of the page. Then,

in the lower right-hand corner of the first four slips, one stamps or writes the number 1, in the next four or five the number 2, and so on, four or five slips for each of the fourteen lines in the sonnet. The slips still lying (overlapping) on the table, one stamps below the middle of each slip the abbreviated title of the sonnet as found in the typewritten list. Now one gathers up the 70 slips, preserving the order of line-numbers, and on the first four, in the upper left-hand corner, writes the four words which are to be taken from the first line of the sonnet, a word to a slip; on the second four slips the four significant words from the second line; and so on; when there are five concordance-words in a line, one is likely to have an extra slip from a line where there are but three; in any case there are extra slips at hand. When all the words of the sonnet have been written in the upper left-hand corners of their respective slips, it only remains to cut out the requisite lines from the printed texts, and to paste these lines in the middle of the corresponding slips. With a longer poem, it is best to prepare the slips, and record the words, for a page at a time. Before pasting, it is convenient to cut between the lines on the printed page, leaving them attached at the centre of the page, so that they may be pulled off with the fingers, and to do this for a column of print in five different copies of the text. It might be well to have the neglected sides of the text gummed or otherwise made ready on a large scale for pasting. The secret of speed and accuracy is to perform a single operation a great many times before turning to the next, and to think out a sequence of operations which affords the easiest transitions and makes the least confusion.

Hyphenated words should be recorded in the usual way, but a cross-reference from the second element to the whole word must also be made on a separate slip, thus:—

reverted

See half-reverted.

The slips for cross-references had best be kept by themselves for special examination by the editor.

When all the words have been recorded, and all the lines pasted for twenty-two pages, say, the collaborator must check off the slips with the text which he has for reference, in order to guard

against omissions. He will then proceed to arrange his slips alphabetically (the cross-references in a separate list) before sending them to the editor. When the slips of all the collaborators have been thus separately ordered and returned, they must be combined in one main alphabet, after which the cross-references must be verified and inserted. This done, the slips should be numbered with an automatic stamp, for the convenience of the printer; and for his guidance also a set of rules must be drawn up, showing how the information on the slips is to appear in the printed book. Finally, if the reading of proof is to be done by coöperation, instructions must be devised for the guidance of the readers.

Without explaining all the details of the process, I have been thus circumstantial for the sake of any who may engage in a similar enterprise. Part of the experience gained in the making of such works can be transmitted; commonly all is lost. I may warn the prospective imitator that his undertaking in any case will not be light; yet by such means as I have outlined, a concordance that otherwise might consume half a lifetime may be begun and published in a year or two. Bartlett's *Concordance to Shakespeare* was begun in 1876; it is dated 1894. Mary Cowden Clark's concordance to the same author cost her sixteen or eighteen years. Bonitz spent twenty-five years upon his *Index Aristotelicus*; upon his *Exhaustive Concordance of the Bible* Strong spent thirty-five. The 210,994 slips of the *Concordance to Wordsworth* were ready for the printer in less than seven months after the signal was given to begin excerpting. Some time elapsed before the generous and high-minded firm of Smith, Elder, and Company was secured as a publisher, and then, notwithstanding the interruption of a strike, the printers, William Clowes and Sons, had sent out revises of the whole work within a year. Through the experience this work has furnished, and through a further division of the labor, a concordance to Browning, which is needed, might be excerpted in a month, alphabetically arranged in another, and printed in twelve.¹ It could be compiled and

¹These words were virtually a prediction; since they were written, a concordance has been made for Browning by Professor Leslie N. Broughton, of Cornell University, and Professor Benjamin F. Stelter, of the University

printed, I believe, for \$10,000—a sum less than the price alleged lovers of books sometimes will pay for a single old edition. “England,” said Professor Skeat, “is a country where numerous amateur workers, many of them very good ones, can be found for work of this character”; the same thing is true of America; and a man of wealth can perpetuate his name, among those who think and feel, in no better way than by advancing the funds necessary for a concordance to the poet whom he loves.

So much for the building of the instrument. What now of its function? The use of a concordance is dual. Properly interrogated, the right sort of index tells us both what the poet chose to utter, and what he unconsciously or purposely refrained from uttering. It enables us to define his subject-matter. But whether for purposes of positive or negative definition, such an oracle must be questioned with discrimination, or it will answer something wrong. For example, as Professor Jespersen says: “When Milton as a poet uses only 8,000 against Shakespeare’s 20,000 words, this is a natural consequence of the narrower range of his subjects, and it is easy to prove that his vocabulary really contained many more than the 8,000 words found in a concordance to his poetical works. We have only to take any page of his prose writings, and we shall meet with a great many words not in the concordance. The greatness of Shakespeare’s mind is . . . not shown by the fact that he was acquainted with 20,000 words, but by the fact that he wrote about so great a variety of subjects and touched upon so many human facts and relations that he needed this number of words.” There is, then, an element of chance to be considered. That Shakespeare did not use the word *Bible* may be more or less of an accident, as compared with his failure to allude to the Trinity. He does employ the expression *holy writ*.

of Southern California, with the help of many assistants. It is ready for the printer, and could be published without delay, if only a Mæcenas would offer to defray the expense. Meanwhile two other concordances, prepared by the method described in this paper, have been published by the Carnegie Institution of Washington: *A Concordance to the Works of Horace*, edited by the present writer; and *A Concordance to the Poems of John Keats*, edited by Mr. Baldwin, Professor Broughton, Mrs. Evans, Mr. Hebel, Professor Stelter, and Miss Thayer, all at one time connected with Cornell University.

In the case of Wordsworth the negative element is of the utmost importance. We know from various sources that he early determined to avoid satire, and took what measures he could to prevent the publication of his adaptations from Juvenal; that—

The gentle Lady married to the Moor,

the tragedy of *Othello*, though a theme "pre-eminently dear" to him as a reader, was the kind of subject which as a poet he steadily refused to touch, saying with a reminiscence of the Moor's own history:—

The moving accident is not my trade;

and that he would not permit himself to represent the passion of love, for fear the violence of his emotions might cause him to overstep the bounds of art. Accordingly, the language of satire, of the battling tragic hero, or of the Sapphic or Shelleyan love-trance, is not the language of the *Concordance to Wordsworth*. The few lines that have been resurrected of his free translation of Juvenal stand out in their harshness from the rest of his poetry. As for the tragic struggle and the tragic fall, it is the inner, spiritual, not the outer, bodily motions of humanity that he constantly seeks to unfold. Physical action, he says, is "transitory";—

Suffering is permanent, obscure, and dark,
And shares the nature of infinity.

It has been held that he was deficient in the sense of smell. If so, the Concordance might be expected to furnish very few words referring either to smell or taste. So far as I have observed, the allusions to taste are infrequent. Out of thirty occurrences of *bitter*, virtually all are figurative: *bitter insult*, *bitter loss*, and so on. *Honey* occurs six times. On the other hand, *fragrance* occurs twenty-two times, *fragrant* thirteen, *incense* and its compounds thirteen, *odours* seven, *odorous incense* two, *thyme* five. Again, it has been held that he was without humor, and certainly the language of Aristophanic comedy forms no considerable part of his vocabulary. However, it is not quite safe to affirm that the student of Cambridge who "laughed with Chaucer in the hawthorn shade"—at the *Reeve's Tale*—, or the poet who subtly made use of Chaucer's *House of Fame* in *Peter*

Bell, and was the sympathetic friend of Lamb, and in earlier life contended with an over-frequent tendency to smile, was wholly deficient in a sense of the ludicrous. As he read *Othello*, yet avoided what Othello calls "moving accidents," so when he modernized Chaucer, he did not select the *Reeve's Tale*. If, in spite of Book Seventh of *The Prelude* and a few shorter efforts like *The Power of Music*, subjects and language of a humorous nature are relatively lacking in the poetry of Wordsworth, the cause may be one of those numberless inhibitions which are hard to discover, simply because they are inhibitions. When the deliberate and habitual choice of an elevated subject-matter, as the action and passion of the human heart in an environment pulsating with divinity, has necessitated the rejection of many lower topics, the unwary may think that the poet is wanting in certain powers that unquestionably were his. Arnold, I believe, and doubtless Jeffrey, never formed a careful estimate of the strength of self-repression in *The White Doe of Rylstone* or *Vandracour and Julia*. It is hard to measure the workings of restraint in others—Wordsworth knew this as well as Burns; but the Concordance would furnish abundant evidence of the quality in Wordsworth's writings, had we time to consider the evidence here. A few illustrations must suffice.

First, Wordsworth's vocabulary is rich in negatives, in words compounded with the prefixes *dis-* and *un-*; richer comparatively, where I have tested it, than Shakespeare's; much richer absolutely than Milton's. However, he does not use the same word very often. Of each of the following words, which are almost consecutive, there is but one occurrence: *unabating*, *unacceptable*, *unaccompanied*, *unadorned*, *unadulterate*, *unadulterated*, *unadvisedly*, *unaffected*, *unaffectedly*, *unaimed*, *unaired*, *unamused*. Yet *unambitious*, which is found in neither Milton, Burns, nor Shakespeare, occurs nine times in Wordsworth. Frequently he elects to express a positive idea by a double negative, thus:—

Not unamused.

Not unaccompanied with tuneful notes.

And for thy beauty wert not unadorned.

Not unassisted by the flattering stars.

Moreover, he employs many qualifiers to diminish the force of a positive notion:—

Thou liv'st with less ambitious aim.
But, with a less ambitious sympathy.
Her skill she tried with less ambitious views.

Out of 52 hyphenated compounds in which the first element is *half*, 44 have but one quotation each. The following illustrate the delicacy of his mental operations: *half-absence*, *half-insight*, *half-reverted*, *half-slumber*, *half-suppressed*, *half-wisdom*—

And that half-wisdom half-experience gives.

But his manifest avoidance of certain words and ideas is even more significant. Notwithstanding the construction often put upon his remarks concerning the diction of *Lyrical Ballads*, the language of Wordsworth is characterized by an absence of terms that are mean and low, as his thought by an absence of mean and low ideas. Whereas the occurrences of the words *beautiful*, *beauty*, and their cognates fill over three columns, the word *ugliness* does not occur at all, and the word *ugly* but once—in the phrase *ugly witchcraft*, that is, not in the sense of “physically repulsive.” In Milton *uglier* occurs once, *ugly-headed* once, and *ugly* thrice. Shelley uses *ugly* nine times, Shakespeare twenty-four. When Wordsworth refers to what is painful or unpleasant, he is likely to use a superior word. *Repulsive*, indeed, occurs only once; but the idea which he does not admit under the term *ugly* he may under *hideous*. He uses *hideous* thirteen times; Milton uses it fifteen, Shakespeare twenty, Shelley twenty-two.

It has been intimated that statistics of this order must be interpreted with caution. Neither *hideous* nor *ugly* is recorded in the canonical books of the Authorized Version, although the Bible does not lack the corresponding ideas. Yet that Wordsworth should have written *ugly* but once, *repulsive* but once, and *unlovely* but twice, is characteristic of his aims in composition. *Dirt*, *dirty*, *filth*, *filthy*, *slime*, *slimy*, and *hog*, all, or nearly all of them, one may find in Shakespeare, Milton, and Shelley; Milton uses all but *dirty*. Only one of them is found in the poetry of Wordsworth:—

Upon the slimy foot-stone I espied
The useless fragment;

and this is the sole occurrence.

If the characteristic thus negatively displayed fails to harmonize with the theory of poetic diction commonly ascribed to Wordsworth, there may be several reasons. First there is Lord Jeffrey. It will be recalled that the *Poems in Two Volumes*, of 1807, contain a large proportion of the verse selected by Matthew Arnold for his Wordsworthian anthology. But Lord Jeffrey in his time had said that the diction of those two volumes had "nowhere any pretensions to elegance or dignity." And people who had little acquaintance with the history of words believed him when he declared that a kind of ode "to the Daisy" was "very flat, feeble, and affected," and that "further on we find an *Ode to Duty*, in which the lofty vein is very unsuccessfully attempted." Nowadays, when they hear that the *Ode to Duty* was thought by Professor T. H. Green to be "the high-water mark of modern poetry," people are ready to believe that too. Next, the language of the poet had its own individual development. The Concordance represents the final stage. Says Hutchinson: "With the revision of 1845 the textual history of Wordsworth's minor poems may be said virtually to close. The course of that history is pithily described by Professor Dowden: 'Boldness,' he writes, 'in these readings was followed by tameness [1827], by infelicity [1836-7], and, finally, by felicity' [1845; 1849-50]." Thirdly, the critics of Wordsworth have generally dwelt upon one source of his language, namely men in actual life, and paid little or no attention to the principles, for he must have had them, by which he selected and "purified" the elements of his medium of expression. I do not recall that he explicitly states what his standard of selection was, even where he mentions his having abstained from the use of many expressions, in themselves proper and beautiful, "which have been foolishly repeated by bad poets." But his practice is clear. When anyone objected to his usage, for example, to the word *caroused* in *Ruth*—

her cup of wrong

She fearfully caroused,—

he instantly defended it upon historical grounds, supporting his contention with examples, from Spenser and the Elizabethan dramatists down, in a way that would cheer Dr. Bradley and Professor Skeat. It was not probable, he thought, that the

ordinary reader would be so familiar as the poet with the changes of meaning that words have undergone. Doubtless he would have found a use for the *Concordance to Gray*, who, as Wordsworth says, "was more than any other man curiously elaborate in the structure of his own poetic diction"; for no oracle can reveal so much of the history of words as a series of concordances to the poets.

We are turning from the negative to the positive functions of such works. Positively, from a study of the alphabetical list, Wordsworth's diction may be described as elevated, and chosen for its musical quality, as well as its general intelligibility, from elements of speech that had been in use from the time of Spenser to his own day. If words may be classified like men, according to their nobility, as average, or below or above the average, his language is found to be consistently above the average. It is pure, clear, dignified, and musical. In his treatise *On the Sublime and Beautiful*, Burke says: "It is hard to repeat certain sets of words, though owned by themselves unoperative, without being in some degree affected; especially if a warm and affecting tone of voice accompanies them, as suppose,—

Wise, valiant, generous, good, and great."

It is hard to read the passages containing any one of these in the Concordance—for they are all Wordsworthian—without being in some degree affected. No page of this work will leave the lover of good English cold.

The musical quality of Wordsworth's lines, though positive, is not obtrusive. It must not be thought that he gave either too little heed, or too much, to this aspect of his art. In a letter to Mrs. Clarkson, he writes: "To you I will whisper that *The Excursion* has one merit if it has no other, viz. variety of musical effect." And to R. P. Gillies he says: "If you write more blank verse, pay particular attention to your versification, especially as to the pauses on the first, second, third, eighth, and ninth syllables. These pauses should never be introduced for convenience, and not often for the sake of variety merely, but for some especial effect of harmony or emphasis." He makes no extravagant use of alliteration.

Rather, it can be shown that his interests were varied as well as profound. As to variety, what has been said of words beginning with *un-* and *half-* may be more generally applied; and though

the average number of quotations to a word be estimated at seven, this is due to the fact that a few important words are used so often as to occupy several columns, frequently several pages. Taking a page at random, however, I find an average of not quite five quotations to a word. In general, then, he does not employ the same word many times. *Excursion* occurs once in the singular and once in the plural, but not in the poem of that name. *Drift* occurs twice, *juice* once, *label* once, *liturgy* once (not in the 1848 lines of the *Ecclesiastical Sonnets*, but in *The White Doe of Rylstone*); *Africa* twice, *Asia* twice, *Australian* once, *America* twice, *American* once. Wordsworth mentions his own surname twice, that of Coleridge thrice, and the names of other poets as follows: Chatterton (1), Horace (3), Chaucer (4), Burns (5), Spenser (6), Shakespeare (10), Milton (15). Homer, Virgil, and Gray are each referred to once, Virgil, a favorite of Wordsworth, only in *Virgilian*. It frequently happens that the subject of a poem, after appearing in the title, is not mentioned by name in the text. Occasional reiterated phrases, like those in *The Thorn*, can often be explained in a special way. *The Thorn* is supposed to be a story told by a garrulous sea-captain.

Where the interests of the poet are the deep interests of humanity, we may expect to find the great simple words of the language again and again appearing. *Nature* and *natural*, of course, occur a great many times in Wordsworth, sometimes in less familiar combinations, as—

To watch crude Nature work in untaught minds ;
or—
If simple Nature trained by careful Art ;
or—
From the great Nature that exists in works
Of mighty Poets ;

but the words *mind* and *man* and *human* are still more frequent. Some persons may be astonished at this greater frequency, having been accustomed to think of him as the poet of external rather than human nature. To these I can only say that the proportion is strictly in keeping with the lines in which he calls *The Mind of Man*—

My haunt, and the main region of my song,

with the substance of most of his poems, and with the Aristotelian dictum concerning the proper objects of poetical representation. In fact, the large words in the Concordance are not those that represent the objects of the senses, the analytic operations of the intellect, or even the commoner of the less admirable passions, so much as those that stand for the universal activities of the imagination, and the great structural emotions, if I may so term them, of human life. *Life, living, power, heart, and love* are among the richer words; there is no space here to discuss the poetical vision of conduct that gleams among his utterances under these and their cognates. But let us take one definition. We live, says Wordsworth, in a passage that the maker of a concordance may justly appropriate—

We live by Admiration, Hope, and Love.

We die, or contract our lives, then, by disparagement, fear, and hate. The numerical comparison of such words reveals that Wordsworth, a constructive artist, though he arouses all the chief emotions in his reader, still maintains the supremacy of *life* over *death*, *praise* over *blame*, *hope* over *fear*, *love* over *hate*. It is not accidental that the word *hate* occurs 23 times, and *love* 761, or that *spirit* occurs four times as often as *body*. *Fear* may be salutary as well as destructive; it occurs 255 times. *Suspicion* occurs 5 times, *envy* 24, *anger* 28; *joy* 356, *hope* 404. *Nature* occurs 395 times, *nature's* 152, *natural* 101; *human* 294, *men* 324, *soul* 401, *mind* 540, *man* 696. *Bad* occurs 19 times, *evil* 79, *miserable* 25, *wretched* 36; *happy* 257, *good* 396. These figures, however crude, serve to show what Wordsworth means by—

The bond of union between life and joy.

Space fails for a consideration of endless topics upon which the Concordance would throw abundant light; upon *pulse, impulse, machine, machinery*, as Wordsworth applies them to human and to what we should call inorganic nature; upon his distinction, exploited by De Quincey, between the literature of "knowledge" and the literature of "power"; upon the relations between "fancy" and "imagination"; upon the much larger number of references to the eye, and slightly larger to *see* and *seen*, than, respectively,

to the ear, and to *hear* and *heard*; upon the delicacy of perception evinced by a succession of words like—

Glance, glanced, glances, glancing, glare, glared, glares, glaring, glassed, glassy, glazed, glead, gleam, gleamed, gleaming, dim-gleaming, dimly-gleaming, mildly-gleaming, gleams, gleamy, glimmer, glimmered, glimmering, glimmerings, glimmers, glimpse, glimpses, glinted, glisten, glistened, glistening, glistenings, glistens, glistered, glistening, glitter, glittered, glittering, thickly-glittering, glitters, gloom, gloomier, gloomiest, glooms, gloomy, gloss, glossy, glow;

or upon the way in which Wordsworth's shorter poems are vitally connected with his longer, so that we cannot fully understand—

She was a Phantom of delight,

without consulting another reference to his wife—

She came, no more a phantom—

which is in *The Prelude*. Wordsworth himself explicitly tells us that his briefer works are related to *The Prelude* and *The Excursion* as the little cells, oratories, and sepulchral recesses of a Gothic church to the apse and body of the structure. No labor could be more fascinating, or more rewarding, than the search for these relations in his poetry, yet no aspect of his genius has been more steadily ignored than the constructive power this study reveals. But a more important subject still is his increasing, or gradually intenser, sympathy with traditional religion as the great poetical effort of the English imagination. A certain Patty Smith, the type of all shallow readers, "talks," said he, "of my being a worshipper of Nature. A passionate expression, uttered incautiously in the poem upon the Wye, has led her into this mistake; she, reading in cold-heartedness, and substituting the letter for the spirit. Unless I am greatly mistaken, there is nothing of this kind in *The Excursion*. . . . Whence does she gather that the author of *The Excursion* looks upon Nature and God as the same?" It is in dealing with such problems that the Concordance may become most helpful.

Space fails also for a consideration of the similes grouped under the word *like*. Here the Concordance has nine columns of reading-

matter not so very much less disconnected than Shelley's ode *To a Skylark*. Seven of the lines in Shelley's ode begin with *like*, yet there is no necessary order in his comparisons. Is it jocular to remark that the similes in the Concordance were not left to welter in a chaos of unpremeditated chance? There is at least a mechanical reason for their sequence, though at first glance the effect may not always seem highly poetical.

Nevertheless the Concordance was designed for the service of poetry, and for the fit though few who can properly use it. As Hermes, the keen-sighted, the patron of all students of literature, could find no better gift for Apollo, the god of poetry and friend of the Muses, than a humble instrument made of reeds and cords, a piece of leather, and a tortoise-shell, so the scholar can bring no gift more welcome to the poet and the friend of Mnemosyne than the simple instrument here described. Yet the scholar may say to the ideal student of poetry, as Hermes to Apollo:—

To those who are unskilled in its sweet tongue,
 Though they should question most impetuously
 Its hidden soul, it gossips something wrong—
 Some senseless and impertinent reply.
 But thou who art as wise as thou art strong
 Canst compass all that thou desirest. I
 Present thee with this music-flowing shell,
 Knowing thou canst interrogate it well.

LANE COOPER.

Cornell University.

ERNEST PSICHARI AND THE FRENCH RENAISSANCE

Foremost among the evils of war is the sacrifice of young manhood. It is the loss of this flower of the race which, interrupting its continuity, cripples a nation for generations. Only during the Napoleonic wars has France suffered losses of this nature comparable to those of the past four years. From the early days of August of 1914 to the signing of the Armistice, her young heroes were falling on the "path of glory." Though this constant drain has been heavy in every calling of life, in none will it be felt more keenly than in the realm of letters. In vain do we attempt to "industrialize" literature: writers cannot, like farmers, manufacturers, and professional men, be trained to fill the depleted ranks. What talent—what genius, even—has been sacrificed in the five hundred or more young writers who have given their lives for France!

These heroes will all receive due recognition in time. For the present the critic, with only fragmentary information available, must confine himself to some one of them. Interesting as are such writers as Charles Péguy, Adrien Bertrand, Émile Nolly, Paul Acker, young André Lafont, and a score of others, of even greater significance was the career of Renan's grandson, Ernest Psichari—the best representative of "Young France" that could be selected, unless it be Péguy himself. For Psichari was a sublime instance of the lives sacrificed for France; and his struggle for religious faith makes his life the more interesting, especially since it was closely connected with the renaissance in France. His was indeed the spiritual effort of an entire race. The biographical, even confessional character of his work gives it additional importance.

Ernest Psichari was born in 1883. His father, Jean Psichari, a professor of philology at the University of Paris, was Greek. His mother, the daughter of Renan, represented a mixture of inherited influences: French, Breton, Catholic, Protestant. The Protestant stock came from Renan's wife, Cornélie Scheffer, who was of Dutch origin. Ernest received a thorough second-

dary education at the *lycées* Henri Quatre and Condorcet. At eighteen he published some poetry which, like that of his uncle Ary Renan, reveals the influence of the *décadents*, Verlaine and Mallarmé. His early interest in metaphysics found expression in annotations of Spinoza and Bergson. In 1902 he passed a brilliant examination for his *licence*, which corresponds roughly to our Master's degree.

At this stage of Psichari's career everything seemed to mark him as a disciple of his illustrious grandfather, in the cult of whom he had been brought up. But during the one year's military service that followed his *licence*, he encountered influences that changed the course of his life. The army and what it represented captivated him. In it he found that idealism which the prevailing skepticism of the time had impaired. Military life was to him a revelation. He realized that he had found his vocation. And so in 1904, instead of resuming his studies at the Sorbonne, the young soldier immediately reenlisted for three years.

This decision fell as a thunderbolt in the Dreyfus camp, to which Psichari's relations and friends belonged. To them such an apostasy seemed unthinkable. Had not the "Affair," after rending France from one end to the other, apparently left the anti-military party victorious? Says Psichari: "Pacifism was at its height. The army, especially if engaged in colonial service, was decried." But the enemies of the Army and of the Church were now to witness serious defections from their ranks—the triumph, so to speak, of what they had sought to destroy.

Psichari at first followed Péguy, who led the revolt. Péguy, a graduate of the Normal School, had been an anti-militarist, a revolutionary atheist, a militant Dreyfusite. Quite recently he had become a "nationalist" and a Roman Catholic, believing a spiritual and political regeneration of France equally necessary; and during the ten years that preceded the outbreak of the European war he was both the political and spiritual leader of the younger conservatives. RESTORE, RECONSTRUCT, REPLACE, became his slogan. He denounced the political anarchy, the moral degeneracy, the spiritual destruction that the apostles of socialism had created in the country; and from these

ills he drew a lesson. "When a man has failed in life," he wrote, "his one aim should be to enlighten his children. We have been constantly betrayed by our masters and our leaders. We shall see to it that our children are not betrayed by these same masters and leaders." He could not forgive the humanitarian ideologists for exposing France to the imminent peril of invasion. Had not Renan declared without a blush that if he had been compelled to enlist, he would have deserted? When in August, 1870, he saw the troops marching away along the boulevards, he declared that not one was capable of a virtuous act. And during the siege of Paris, when Berthelot suggested the necessity of inculcating in the coming generation the idea of vengeance, Renan, red in the face, cried, shaking his short arms: "No, no; let us have no vengeance! Sooner let France herself perish: we owe allegiance to a higher power, to duty and reason." Most bitterly of all things Péguy, and Psichari with him, resented the insulting attitude of those cynical pacifists who scoffed at the serious purposes of their children. What indeed could be more contemptible than the utterances of a dilettante like Gabriel Séailles, who in 1913 wrote sneeringly of the younger generation: "As yet they have spilled for their country only the ink with which they sought to blacken their elders, who were more deserving than they. Our young patriots can thus fight for their country forty years without the slightest injury." As Henri Massis, one of those slandered by Séailles, has recently said in protest, never was a generation so condemned by its leaders. In all truth these young people declared that their elders had "cut the sacred bond that unites the generations."

These unprecedented circumstances led to an unprecedented step on the part of Ernest Psichari. Convinced with Péguy, as he afterwards wrote in *The Appeal of Arms* (*L'Appel des Armes*), that they, not their fathers, represented old and legitimate authority, tradition, continuity, the race, he declared it necessary to "disavow their fathers for the doctrines of their grandfathers." Here we have in a nutshell the doctrine of the younger generation.

There was reason for them to take this stand. That France and her people were at the mercy of an insolent neighbor became

patent in the early years of the new century, despite the efforts of the "intellectuals" and the pacifists to bury their heads in the sand. The Moroccan war-clouds only confirmed the fact. Small wonder that the younger generation refused to accept such a menacing future! Had not their parents tried in vain to forget the defeat of 1870? Hence Péguy's conclusions, which Psichari hastened to reëcho: "A nation's territory, language, and civilization are determined by its soldiers." Everything, then, depended on France's army—the army that Psichari's early friends had decried and sought to paralyze. How natural that he should break with them! He reenlisted, as we have said, in 1904.

Though at the time a sergeant, Psichari, in his impatience for military activity, soon entered the Colonial Artillery as a private. Appointed quartermaster a few months later, he accompanied Major Lenfant on a mission to the French Congo. Here he remained two years (1906-1908), exploring, writing, and marvelling. At times his emotional life became keyed up to a high pitch. "Pendant quatre jours je fus plongé dans un abîme de félicité." The territory Major Lenfant explored was that ceded to Germany in 1911, but regained early in the war. It comprised chiefly the basins of the Sangha and the Logone, tributaries of the Congo. These regions offer to the traveller abundant subjects for study—peoples of many different kinds and conditions, an endless variety of interests. From his impressions the enthusiastic quartermaster made his first novel, *Lands of Sun and Slumber* (*Terres de Soleil et de Sommeil*), a book full of keen observation, of joy in the expanse of nature, of thirst for faith (though Psichari was still a pagan), of adoration of his commanding officer, of fond realization of dreams of military life, and above all of ecstasy in the thought ever foremost in his mind: "I am a French soldier."

But those "divine moments" and "unforgettable days" ended with the Lenfant mission. Having won the Military Medal, Psichari returned to France in 1908. While visiting relatives and friends in Paris, he arranged for the publication of *Lands of Sun*. He also made a trip to the village of Tréshugel, in Brittany, to see again "the pine-wood rising close by the peaceful shore, the foot-path where, as a little boy, he used to follow with his

eyes the aged Renan, bowed under the weight of his thoughts and his genius." During this sojourn in France he found more serious occupation in his studies at the military school of Versailles. Though not prizing military rank, Psichari was granted a commission of second lieutenant in September, 1909. A few months later he set out again for Africa—this time to spend three years in Mauretania.

He was eager to set foot once more upon African soil. He divided his time between military duties and spiritual meditation; to these main currents of his activity correspond the two autobiographical novels he wrote in Mauretania. The one, *The Appeal of Arms*, deals with military and political themes; the other, *The Journey of the Centurion*, with spiritual experiences. The country lent itself admirably to this dual activity—on the one hand, raids, marches, and surprise attacks; on the other, the vast horizons, the starry heavens, the enchanting moonlight, the profound solitude of the desert.

During this service in Mauretania the young lieutenant's military zeal lost none of its ardor. How could it in view of the grave Morocco crisis of 1911? He not only received the Military Cross, but was more than once cited for bravery in the Order of the Day. But more important for the biographer than his military exploits were his meditations. In these he made constant approach toward Christian faith. What a change has come over him since his mission in the Congo! At that time, not only was he unable to believe, but almost invariably, sometimes scoffingly, he seemed to prefer the Mohammedanism of the natives to Christianity. But he learned to know better both the Moors and their religion. "Thanks to the Moors, I now understand how pure and wholesome is that Christian air of France—the France I cursed at my departure."

So when in the winter of 1912 Psichari returned to his native country, he had accepted the Christian faith. He had already been baptized as a child according to the Greek rite. His reception into the Church is related by Monseigneur Gibier in the *Correspondant* of November 25, 1914. At his confirmation he took the name of Paul, as if in condonation of his grandfather's offences against the Saint; and now his one thought was to become

a priest and atone for that spiritual treason. "Yes, become a simple country curate in Lower Brittany, such as my grandfather would have been." To arrange for his theological studies, he went in the spring of 1914 to see the Director of the Seminary of Issy, where Renan had studied. It was decided that he should take his theological degrees in Rome.

These plans were upset by the events of August. But Psichari did not regret the war: it seemed like an answer to his prayers. Already in *The Appeal of Arms* he had expressed the wish that he might die in battle. On the second day he left Cherbourg with his regiment of Colonial Artillery. Eyewitnesses describe him as "intoxicated with the spirit of sacrifice." On the 20th of August he wrote to his mother: "Less than ever do I regret always having desired this war: the honor and greatness of France demanded it. It has come at the right time and in the right way." Two days later, during the retreat from Charleroi, after holding a strategic position for twelve hours against the surging waves of the enemy, he and his artillerymen all fell at their posts. They lie buried on the spot, at Rossignol, in Belgium, not far from Sedan. They probably wished no better epitaph than this line from Péguy's *Ève*:—

"Heureux ceux qui sont morts dans une juste guerre."

Of the three novels which are the literary fruit of this short life, the first, *Lands of Sun and Slumber* (1908), is little more than a diary of experiences in the Congo, with the corresponding reaction of the author's emotions. Though he gave himself up without reserve to the charm and mystery of the land, nevertheless the book is a mine of ethnographical information and vivid descriptions of natural beauty. Sometimes Psichari's style recalls Chateaubriand; still oftener, Pierre Loti; but he avoids Loti's abuse of "local color." Occasionally a passage reminds the reader of both older masters. But Psichari is a deeper thinker than Loti; though when he was writing the book he was almost as much of a pessimist. To a friend who expressed the hope that he might "find" Christianity in the Congo, Psichari replied: "Alas, no! Africa is not the abiding place of God, but rather the triumph of the individual." Yet he admires the local Mo-

hammedanism which, in contrast to its fanatical form in Algeria and Morocco, he calls "the good Islamism of the first centuries, the good word of Mohammed, the faith of shepherds . . . much more a religion of life than Christianity."

Of particular interest is what Psichari tells us about the natives and their customs. Though he prefers—or affects to prefer—their "primitive" civilization to that of the French, he admits frankly that certain tribes are "morally and physically weak, addicted to all the vices of our decadence." Thus the Bayas have an ancestral festival, the "Doko," which takes its name from the intoxicant they use on that occasion. After several days of drinking and obscene dancing, the men attain a high pitch of sensual excitation. Every form of eroticism, every perversion of sexual instinct, is known to the native Bayas.

One custom they have that is not without a certain poetic beauty, the "Labi," or Festival of Virginity. On this occasion the young men are initiated into the mysteries of sex. More than this, the festival comprises a series of texts designed to accustom them to the battles and perils of life. "Labi" means "danger"; and the main object of the festival is to train athletic men, to select for reproduction those most apt to increase the vigor and vitality of the race. It is evidently a form of the same Spartan idea that has been advocated by such modern sociologists as Malthus and Nietzsche.

The most charming episode of *Lands of Sun* is Psichari's portrait of his "friend" Sama, a Baya lad who accompanied him on his marches. "Sama is now my friend; he never leaves me; he is glad to carry my gun. . . . We chat. . . . How graceful is every attitude of his! His body is beautiful as a statue. Friend Sama, simple yet complex little soul, how I should like to know all about your life, penetrate the innermost secrets of your heart! . . . Sama has many faults. He is untruthful, cunning, given to vice, and a thief also. But he has an innate refinement which compensates for all that—a refinement peculiar to himself—an air at once of distinction and tenderness. . . . His manners are noble and gracious." How sad that the little fellow must die so young! The burning climate of the Logone region, to which Psichari takes him, is fatal to the Bayas from the Sangha.

It grieves the quartermaster profoundly to see Sama's frail body wither away. He depicts the burial in the melancholy tone of Chateaubriand's *Atala*.

Other topics of this book, which both instructs and delights, are the vast fields of various kinds of grain, the scenic beauty of the Congo river, the imposing city of Binder, with its uniform houses, the probable origin of these peoples, the tribal languages, and native literature. As for military life, Psichari was so enchanted with his mission that at one place he characterizes war as an "inexpressible poem of blood and beauty"—an expression he modified after embracing Christianity.

A less instructive but more finished work is *The Appeal of Arms* which Psichari dedicated to his adored Péguy. This novel—one, of the two written in Mauretania—was a close second in the contest for the prize which the French Academy awarded in 1913 to Romain Rolland for *Jean-Christophe*. According to the story, Maurice Vincent, the son of an anti-militarist teacher, comes under the influence of Captain Nangès, a sober-minded officer proud of his calling. Maurice, now twenty and well educated, is so captivated by the officer's descriptions of army life in the Soudan that he enlists, despite the opposition of his father. While in training under Nangès at Cherbourg, the young recruit realizes clearly his father's misconception of both the Army and the Church. Of what consequence are the theories of pacifists and quibbling skeptics in comparison to these two institutions that have stood the test of centuries? To Nangès nothing is such a transcendent mystery as the perpetuity of faith throughout two thousand years.

During a leave at home, Maurice discusses these questions with his father. Blinded by his humanitarian theories, M. Vincent becomes so enraged in the heat of the argument that he disowns his son. But all this only strengthens Maurice's convictions. Hearing now unmistakably the "call of arms," he accompanies Captain Nangès to Mauretania as a quartermaster in the Colonial Artillery. This crowns his desires. True, while in this glorious service he receives a wound which incapacitates him for military activity and spoils his project of marriage. But anyway, does not his beloved captain think more of him than Claire, the sweetheart

who plays a very minor rôle in the story? When Nangès, unable to endure the carping of French pacifists, embarks for Indo-China, Maurice decides to spend the rest of his days in government office work, ever dreaming of the charm of military life.

The fundamental purpose of the novel is to show the grave conflict that arose in France between the generation of 1880 and their children, who attained manhood about 1900. "The elder Vincent represented the generation who were twenty years old in 1880. They had seen the war of 1870, and they had forgotten it. Maurice had not seen the war—and he remembered it. . . . The father belonged to a race of slaves, and he was forever proclaiming the independence of liberated reason. The son's burning desire was to obey authority, both military and spiritual, and he belonged to the race of freemen." The conflict, as Péguy has said, was not simply between monarchal France and the France dating from the Revolution. It was a conflict between ancient France as a whole—pagan and Christian, monarchal and republican—and a certain "domination primaire" which established itself about 1881. This regime was not a republic, but simply an oligarchy of dangerous ideologists. Little wonder, then, that Maurice found it necessary to "disavow his father for the doctrines of his ancestors." The national chain of continuity, which the parents had broken, must be restored.

To portray this national conflict, Psichari depicts himself now as Nangès, now as Maurice. Like Maurice he rallies to the traditions of France; like Nangès he conceives the rôle of an officer as didactic, even mystic. From these ideas to "integral militarism," there is but a step. In fine, as Gustave Lanson expresses it, he turns against anti-militarism its own tactics, so that its dogmas appear reversed. Where the anti-militarists cry *à bas!* he cries *vive!* They detest the army as an anachronism in modern civilization; he consecrates it as eternal and opposed to modernity. As the anti-militarists, in their scorn, invariably associate the Army with the Church, so Psichari exalts them as inseparable. Are they not both manifestations of the absolute?

Conservative as these ideas may seem, they undoubtedly voice the sentiments of a large portion of the French people in the early years of the present century. Psichari's indictment of the

dilettantes, the anti-militarists, and the anti-clericals gives *The Appeal of Arms* a documentary value of the first rank. Nor is it without high artistic excellence, especially in the portrait of Nangès, which is drawn with a relief and a touch that make art and life indistinguishable. The character stands before us in flesh and blood.

The Journey of the Centurion, Psichari's last novel, takes its enigmatical title from the story in Saint Matthew (vii, 8-9) of the centurion who went to Jesus that He might heal his servant, who was lying at home sick of the palsy. It depicts the spiritual struggle of a soldier who makes a three years' journey in quest of supernatural truth. The novel, both in the personal, confessional element and in plot, resembles *The Appeal*. We have again a young officer, this time a lieutenant, Maxence, who is serving France in Mauretania, and very glad to be away from skeptical France. He has apparently taken Paris and its boulevards for France—a misconception which this "journey" will dispel. He needs food for his soul, which his father, a Voltairian epicure, has starved. "Maxence was born to believe, and to love, and to hope. He could not accept Truth and Purity as vain words."

Three years in the solitary desert, where "thought goes deep," remedy these ills. But even here Maxence is in reality still in France. Only "it is no longer the France of sophists and false savants. It is a virtuous, pure, simple France, a France armored with fidelity and crowned with true reason." Fidelity, in fact, appeals to this soldier as the foundation of all virtue. "But how, then, if he is a soldier of fidelity, can he reject the Church? If he looks kindly upon the eternal sword, why does he turn his eyes from the eternal Cross?" Maxence has come to the parting of the ways. "Either he will reject authority and the foundation of authority, which is the army, or he will accept all authority, both human and divine. As a man of fidelity he will not be unfaithful. In the system of order there is the priest and the soldier. In the system of disorder there is neither priest nor soldier. He will, therefore, choose the one or the other."

Naturally Maxence chooses the "system of order," and with good results; for already at the end of the second year of service he feels faith coming. But, he admits to his shame, this faith

he owes largely to the native Moors. It was their spiritual life that spurred him on. He could not say to them: "We French are believers," when he did not believe.

The decisive incident occurred at Port-Etienne, near the coast. While viewing here with some Moors the marvelous mechanism of the gigantic wireless station, Maxence pointed out to them the folly of attempting to resist French civilization. To his humiliation one of the Moors replied with dignity: "Yes, you French possess the kingdom of the world, but we Moors possess the kingdom of heaven. . . . All human science is yours. All human thought is there in the hollow of your hand. . . . Of man in his relation to man you know everything. But of the relations of man to God, of the visible to the invisible, of the natural to the supernatural, of chance to design—about all these mysteries you have scarcely begun to think." Maxence leaves Port-Étienne with the conviction that he is "a very poor man."

Into his last novel Psichari put his best thought and the most of himself. Parts of the book are unique. The scene of Maxence in the desert, "at the end of his thought, at the end of hope, in the sweat of interminable agony, with a flame consuming his breast," is one of tragic grandeur that would have been impossible without actual experience. Says Paul Bourget: "The pathetic pages in which Ernest Psichari relates the dialogue of his Maxence—that is, himself—with God in the desert recall the Mystery of Jesus. They are, to my mind, among the finest in our mystic literature." Of Ernest Psichari's novels, *The Journey of the Centurion* will best stand the test of time.

How surprising are the *revanches* of nature! Never for a moment could Renan have dreamed that his grandson would one day demand that the Army and the Church be restored to undiminished sovereignty. Nothing could be farther from the "vanity fairs" and the "jouissances délicates" that delighted the epicurean dilettantes of his time. Psichari's remark in a letter to Henry Bordeaux that the younger generation would not be merely "tourists in life" seems like a slap in his grandfather's face. For did not Renan call his own life "a charming stroll through the nineteenth century"?

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PELLE, THE CONQUEROR: AN EPIC OF LABOR

In turning away from war, the world longs for a better future. Yet it is surprising how little men are inclined to take counsel for that eventuality. Where one might have expected that the coalitions and sacred unions, fused together out of divergent purposes by the fires of war, would continue to exist and function, one finds rather disagreement, discordance, and bitter hostility. The two great contending groups seem to drift apart; one in the direction of international proletarian control, the other toward imperialism, the last frontier of economic *laissez-faire*. On the one side there is talk of soldiers', sailors', and workingmen's dictatorships; on the other, threats of stringent sanitary measures against dangerous political infections.

It is a time when men should be seeking information from every quarter. Even literature may have its valuable suggestions, and literary men their practical uses in the affairs of government. Ruskin's social theories have been reluctantly accepted after many years in England, where Mr. J. A. Hobson has made them the foundation of his system of economic thought. The practice of appointing literary men to diplomatic posts has been extended by President Wilson. These are straws indicating a favorable wind. But in the more immediately administrative and legislative matters, those practical men who constitute governments, whether political or industrial, are likely to be skeptical about suggestions from literature. This is the established tradition in the United States and most European countries.

In Russia, it is said, they order these matters differently. When Russians are twitted with their lack of systematic theory, they answer that systems as such are not needed, since their economic theories are to be found in their literature, expressed in the concrete, operating in terms of human life. This is a remark full of suggestion for those readers of Russian literature who have been disconcerted by the wide grasp of the great novelists upon the economic, political, and sociological theories of the western world, and by their assumption of superiority over these. It may also explain why in Russia literary men are also great political

leaders. Their practice seems to be a combination of the Russian method of studying economic theory in terms of actual human wants and the method advocated by Zola in the *Roman Expérimentale*. But the Russian mind has always seemed a mystery to the west because of its suspicion of abstract theorizing and its insistence upon making proposed systems of regimented control accommodate themselves to the simple relations of men in small community groups. Although examples out of Russia are considered suspect in these yeasty times, the world's demand that the systems under which men organize themselves shall be humanized may make even Russian practice in time informative.

There is a great Danish novel, however, which will avoid the stigma that temporarily attaches to Russian methods. *Pelle, The Conqueror*, a four-volume novel by Martin Anderson Nexö, appeared a few years before the outbreak of the war. Its author was probably quite unknown to American readers until the translation of his novel was completed. Then his work began to be favorably compared with Rolland's *Jean-Christophe*, which had caused such a stir a short time before, and its author to be considered in the first rank among contemporary novelists. The deluge of ephemeral and partisan literature loosed by the war soon eclipsed his name. But now that the reconstruction time has come his work will no doubt regain its former interest. This is the more likely because it represents in living terms the collapse of the competitive system of industry and the groping for some substitute, which ends in a steady drift toward the coöperative. In Denmark, it will be remembered, the coöperative organization had progressed farther than anywhere else in Europe before the war. During the war the movement advanced rapidly everywhere in Europe, and now it has reached the United States, not only in the form of propaganda but in the practical programme of such a party as the Non-Partisan League in the western states. A review of the Danish work, which presents the antecedent chaos, the tentative beginnings, the successful organization, and the prospective triumph of coöperation, is therefore peculiarly opportune.

Pelle, The Conqueror is not doctrinaire. The idea of coöperation is not its hero. It is the vivid transcript of a Swedish immigrant

boy's life in Denmark. Doctrine and opinion may be made out of this boy's experiences just as practical wisdom is formed out of the experiences of life.

The four volumes of the novel deal with four phases of its hero's development: boyhood, apprenticeship, the struggles of maturity, and the victory.

The first volume is one of those realistic studies of boyhood in which modern realistic literature abounds. Pelle and his aged father come from Sweden to the Danish island of Bornholm in the Baltic and seek employment as farm-workers. They are domiciled on Stone Farm, which is owned by the Kongstrups, reputed to be the island's severest taskmasters. Since the father is too old and the son too young for full wages, they receive together a trifling wage. The unfolding of the boy's intelligence in the environment of the farm, while he herds cattle in the meadows in summer and cares for them in the stables in winter, and as he tries to establish himself among his playmates on the farm and in the little religious school, is a remarkable record of imaginative realism. After his confirmation he is considered ready to shift for himself and goes to the neighboring seaport town, where he is apprenticed in the shoemaker's trade.

The second volume continues the story of the boy's development as an apprentice in the hard school of the city. The curiosity about the life around him which characterized his farm experiences here has a larger field for exploration; and there is little about the town and its inhabitants that he does not have an opportunity to learn while he serves his apprenticeship. The difficulties of orientation are much greater; but in the attempt to find himself in his surroundings his character gains in strength and stability. At length his curiosity about that life beyond the narrow town horizon, which sends him strange intimations from time to time, attracts him away from Nexö to the capital before his apprenticeship is fully served.

The third volume, called *The Great Struggle*, is concerned with the period of young manhood in Copenhagen. There he finds himself at the very heart of a problem that had come to him in mysterious hints and perplexing suggestions on the farm and in the town. He sets himself to solve this in the same way in which

he had learned to face and overcome the smaller problems of his adjustment to his simpler youthful environment. His method is to throw himself with great energy into the labor movement, of which he becomes eventually the leader. This is not a volume on labor unionism; it is still the life of a strong and magnetic personality. The bitter conflicts between his loyalty to a cause and the needs of his own life—his loves, wife, and family—give the account an intimately personal impression. At the height of his success as a labor leader, just when he has won a great general strike, he is sent to prison on a false charge of forgery.

The last volume recounts his attempts, after his release from prison, to rehabilitate himself and to reestablish his family life, broken up even before his imprisonment through his devotion to the labor cause. Henceforth his interest in the labor problem takes the form of attempting to organize a coöperative shoemaking industry in the capital. This enterprise involves him in endless struggles with the manufacturers' association, but he gradually succeeds and extends his coöperative principle into other activities. His personal fortunes are improved and his family happily reunited and established on a country estate known as *Daybreak*. *Daybreak* is the title of the last volume. Different from the realistic novels of the day, this ends with a note of optimism.

Although the novel is thus primarily an account of Pelle's personal life, this is deftly interwoven into a report of conditions that have a wide economic and historical significance. Certain well-known problems are here shown as they are viewed from their centre. *Boyhood* presents the centralizing tendency in competitive agriculture, with its accompanying maladjustments. The better farms of the island are being acquired by the wealthy farmers while the barren plots are being left for the poor. A miserable existence must be eked out by occasional labor in the stone quarries. The independent peasantry is being transformed into a proletariat. The young men and women stream away from the dismal prospect on the land to a deceptively hopeful future in the towns, and their places are in turn occupied by immigrants. Pelle migrates with them to the town.

There he observes the same centralizing tendency in the trades. These are coming under the control of the masters, who succeed by exploiting the toil of their apprentices. The masters themselves are being forced to the wall by the competition of machine-made goods from the larger industrial centres. The apprentices, when their service is finished, finding no work at their trades, drift, like the peasants, into the ranks of the proletariat. The problem of increasing unemployment and acute poverty, recurring each winter, begins to attract an uneasy curiosity. Since the prospects in a trade are after all no better than they were in the country, Pelle gives up his service and is caught up in the drift toward Copenhagen, still seeking "the promised land."

The capital is the centre toward which all the blind forces of life converge. Here all the evils of town and country are aggravated. There are crowded tenements, hideous slums, sweated labor, monopoly, usury, drunkenness, disease, desperate poverty, and all that familiar category. A new phenomenon is labor grown rebellious and refusing to work when conditions become intolerable. Out of this attitude grow unionism and its accompaniments: strikes, lockouts, mediations, parleyings, protocols, mutual hatred, and suspicion. The sanguine immigrant from Sweden has come, after many chances, to this end. It seems that another emigration is his only hope. But he concludes that emigration would bring him merely a repetition of his Danish experiences; it would be another course from pillar to post. Therefore, if "the land of promise" is not to be found abroad, it must be made at home. So he becomes an active member in the labor agitation, finally leads it, and brings it to preliminary success. Thus labor wins the right to organize and respect for its organization. Pelle's imprisonment at this juncture is an omen little understood by triumphant unionism. Between the conditions revealed in Denmark and those in any other industrial country there is little real difference; they are everywhere the same. All the phenomena of sociological investigation are recorded as the incidents of the central figure's life.

The fourth volume presents a phase of the problem that is relatively new in America. It suggests that unionism, now

recognized and respectable, has not obtained the results it struggled for. There is as much poverty and unemployment as before. It further suggests that the new aspect of the movement, the parliamentary and political, will yield no more acceptable results. Then it points a way of escape through the organization of coöperative industries to be owned by the laborers themselves. Pelle leads this new movement, both by the object-lesson of his own coöperative equal-sharing shoe factory, and by active propaganda. The new principle progresses against all the obstacles that competitive industry can contrive for it until it controls certain trades, highly organized from the soil to the consumer. The capital for the first venture comes from outside his class, an expedient that Pelle is reluctant to accept. He becomes reconciled to it by the reflection that labor must constructively employ in its proposed new order all those instrumentalities that the two groups, capital and labor, had hitherto used against each other. Thus he goes about making his promised land at home.

In this review it is seen that the hero of the novel, the completely realized character, reveals through his life the fortunes of the laboring class. This class Disraeli once dignified by the name of nation. When he looked out upon the civil discord and strife of England he spoke of his country as being "divided into two nations." More and more since his time does it become apparent how well he understood the situation; every industrial country is divided into two nations contending with each other for power and position. Pelle represents the consciousness of one of these nations in Denmark, and similarly in the entire western world where the same conditions exist. The novel is intimately personal in its realism, but it is not that isolated and exceptional experience that is recorded in so many modern investigations into the individual soul. It acquires an epic sweep and significance because of the universal nature of this one individual. The background upon which the pattern of his life is traced has been made completely familiar to us by countless social researches in the last generation. In the respect that the hero rises to be a leader in the most significant of modern movements the epic quality is heightened and maintained. The book

is therefore similar to the great national epics, in which the personal fortunes of the hero are indeed, as in *Pelle, The Conqueror*, of primary interest, but acquire a greater significance by their intimate union with their people's destinies. The heroes of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* are the builders of the Greek states. Beowulf's magnificent combats establish a people in security. Æneas founds Rome. The hero must be an autonomous individual as well as representative of national or universal destiny.

If the hero is made a symbol, or is governed by purposes beyond his control, or serves some abstract idea, so that the spontaneous expression of his personality is thereby limited, the epic loses one of its distinguishing qualities. The *Æneid* is therefore an inferior epic, since its hero is felt to be rather the high destiny of imperial Rome than a self-governing personality. Like the *Æneid* in this respect are those interesting works, *The Adventures of Gargantua and Pantagruel* and *Don Quixote*, which are, of course, not epics, although they present wide-sweeping views of life. They are the works of reflective and skeptical men, the summaries of discredited cultures, presented in a burlesque and farcical imitation of that epic manner which would have been appropriate before the cultural unity of the time they satirize had been destroyed. To continue a swift historical sketch, the romances of roguery return simply to the realities of contemporary life among the commons, with however light a purpose. Upon these realities, more seriously considered, the enduring works must eventually be built. In the "history" of *Tom Jones* there are realism, unity, and characterization seriously directed. But *Tom Jones* remains an interesting type of one kind of Englishman; he does not represent the fate or fortunes of England. In such a work, on the other hand, as Hugo's *Les Misérables*, which, it may be observed in passing, is an obvious inspiration for the Danish novelist, there is found a wider significance in the life of the hero without his reduction to a symbol. The epic impression is impaired, however, by Hugo's characteristic lyrical gift, and his attempted realizations are not sufficiently objective.

To come quickly to the present (if that distant time before the war may be called the present) *Jean-Christophe*, the well-

known novel by Romain Rolland, summarizes the civilization of Europe just turned into the new century, as reflected in the life of a master-musician. It is not a national novel; it is frankly cosmopolitan. But cosmopolitanism has unfortunately not yet arrived as a reality in the world,—although Erasmus could avow himself a cosmopolitan with some show of truth, since he represented a universal power and spoke in an international language. Art was once said indeed to be limited by no national barriers; and musicians may have been the true internationals before the war. But now that notion has vanished. In any event it is difficult to think of an artist, intent upon self-realization in pure artistic expression, as representing the simple realities of the workaday world. During the war the author of *Jean-Christophe* issued from his Swiss retreat a pamphlet explaining his attitude as *Above the Conflict*. This attitude during the past crisis will explain why there is a lack of vital consistency between the life of Jean and the author's interpolated reflections on European civilization as seen from a high intellectual eminence. The novel is in the tradition of *Wilhelm Meister*, whose cosmopolitan author considered the cultural development of his hero with Olympian detachment in the midst of troublous times.

The Danish novel is the true epic of labor. It is simple, for it is the story of the simple told by themselves. It is unified, for it is the story of the multitudinous obscure, conveniently known as that single entity, "the masses." It is universal, "for ye have always the poor with you." It marks the clear emergence of the laborer as self-sufficient hero, and the final articulate realization of his dignity. There have been many side-references to the life of the humble, many bird's-eye views of the ancient lowly, but hitherto probably no work that views life from the laborer's centre, interprets it by his philosophy, and attempts to construct the world upon his principles.

The wisest have always been known to seek counsel; and in these times even statesmen, caught in the whirl of events, acknowledge the need of guidance. Institutions are in a plastic condition and may be rationally moulded, or passively allowed to fix again into their former dangerously rigid shapes. If they are to be rationally moulded, there must be a more general under-

standing of labor; its miseries, its blind struggles, its *almost* infinite patience, its slow coming to self-consciousness, and its growing determination that competition must yield to something kindlier. "The poor hath hope, and iniquity stoppeth her mouth." He who would understand labor could scarcely do better than to study the life of Pelle.

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"ORANGE" JOURNALISM

I

"Especially during this time of storm and stress should [we] take advantage of our people's serious mood to encourage steadiness, soberness, and selectiveness in their reading,—habits which mean so much for enlightened minds and worthy character." So spoke the editor of *THE SEWANEE REVIEW* over a year ago. Hence it is quite fitting that this Review should pay some heed to the dangers of "chromatic" journalism, especially of the "yellow" approaches to sensationalism and the "red" suffusion of fanatical radicalism. This is a time when we should not only "sit tight" in the boat of state, but trim the boat (without being "trimmers") and feather the oars. Or, to recur to our original figure with respect to journalism, just now what the world most needs is not "yellow," nor "red," nor the combination of these two in "orange," but rather the synthetic white light of truth and sanity. Miss Follett, the author of *The New State*, should thank us for using one of her favorite ideas, "synthesis." She may not, however, relish our contention that she herself fails mainly with regard to synthesis. God forbid that we should accuse her stimulating, thoughtful, and humane book of being actually either "yellow" or "red" or even distinctly "orange." Nevertheless, her many instances of over-emphasis and exaggeration suggest "yellow" sensationalism and muck-raking, and her obsession by the one idea of the Saving Group gives a "red" halo to much of her thought. In most cases an "orange" effect is produced, of which we give a few examples as illustrations of "orange" journalism, staccato and propagandist, though contained within the covers of a book:—

The group spirit is the pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night—it is our infallible guide—it is the Spirit of Democracy (43). . . . Fear, not faith, suspicion, not trust, were the foundations of our early government (165). . . . Take care of your thinking and your morals will take care of themselves (210). . . . We want no sterile virtues here. Have you sold your inheritance for the pottage of personal purity, personal honesty, personal growth? (218).

. . . Our federal system of checks and balances thwarted the will of the people. The party system thwarts the will of the people (219 note). . . . The object of the party system is to stifle all differences of opinion (225). . . . The world is at present a moral bankrupt, for nations are immoral and men worship their nations (333).

Miss Follett's mystic atmosphere makes her orange tints less obtrusive, but not less dangerous on that account, *just at this time*. And her assumption that suggestive hints thrown out by William James, Bergson, Royce, and others really constitute a "new psychology" may lead the weary and the unwary to suppose that science is backing-up all the pretensions of the "group" idea. On page 296 she coolly speaks of "the law of interpenetration and the law of multiples," just as if psychologists generally had enunciated such "laws." And so far does she carry her notion that the essence of "synthesis" is "interpenetration" that (on page 40) she seems to think that "at-onement" is merely an organic synthesis in which nothing gets fought to a finish and canceled!

Granting that "synthesis" is the great magician (we are afraid to dally with "interpenetration"), does not Miss Follett herself favor "continuous coördination"? (35). Then should she not have more respect for the ideas and institutions of the past? Should we not synthesize "tandem" as well as "abreast"? Our author, on the contrary, seems bent on antithesis and antinomy, in spite of her interest in Hegel and Royce, James and Bergson. If we could be pardoned for giving a nickname we should suggest that, amiable and constructive as our author must be in disposition, she appears to be possessed with the demon of "anti-mania." At any rate, for the sake of the argument we may be forgiven for arranging some of Miss Follett's antitheses and oppositions under "*versus*" headings, indulging in a few harmless and diffident comments. This method may do some injustice to our author, but for most of this she has her own incautious expressions to blame. However, we give her the comfort of allotting to her book far more attention than we give to our other illustration of the tendency toward "*versus*" mania, the *New York Nation*:—

MAN *versus* "THINGS." — The study of democracy has been based largely on the study of institutions; it should be based on the study of how men behave together. . . . Man, not things, must be the starting point of the future. . . . We are only just beginning to see that there is no "individual," that there is no "society" (19). . . . Individuality is the capacity for union. . . . I am an individual not as far as I am apart from, but as far as I am a part of other men. Evil is non-relation (62). . . . Our life is more and more stagnant in proportion as we refuse the group life (94). . . . Progress then must be through the group process. Progress implies respect for a creative process, not the created thing; the created thing is forever and forever being left behind us (98). . . . Loyalty to a party is loyalty to a thing—we want a living politics in which loyalty is always intrinsic, and from the strength of this living bond shall come the power of our united life. Always the actor, never the spectator, is the rule of the new democracy. Always the sharer never the giver or the receiver, is the order of our new life (243).

Men cannot function without "things": indeed, men *are* things as well as persons. The very self-expression that our author lauds is mediated through things,—muscles, vocal cords, lips, and so on. Nor is it accurate to speak of an "institution" as a mere thing. Were some of us taught wrong that an institution has spiritual value and meaning? Then, too, do we not spiritualize things when we attach them to personality?

Who can show us that individuality has its meaning exhausted in "union"? Shall we call communion with nature, or scientific work, totally lacking in the qualities of individuality? Are we not often most individual when we are most alone? And are we to be blamed if sometimes we curb our instincts for "union" in order to search out truth?

As for our being "parts of other men"—such expressions imply a "monism" that makes the most radical "pluralism" seem sane by comparison. Uniqueness is an invincible fact in this universe.

Should it not be evident to all of us that "progress" has many factors of which group life is only one? Have lonely, even isolated men of science done nothing for progress, even the most

socialized kinds of progress? Was it not the peculiar glory of Jesus that He could be one with His group and yet uniquely apart from it?

The truth is, a real synthesis does not part men from things, nor deny intrinsic loyalty to the true member of a party, nor cast out all the functions of the spectator, the giver, and the receiver, simply because "sharing" is a very important aspect of the social life. Even if we finally go beyond the stage of viewing, giving, and receiving, our sharing will surely include the truth of the previous stages. Does not a truly synthetic view require such a "continuous coördination" in time as well as in space?

STATIC *versus* DYNAMIC.—The essential feature of a common thought is not that it is held in common, but that it has been produced in common (34). . . . It is we by our acts who progressively construct the moral universe; to follow some preconceived body of law—that is not for responsible moral beings (53). . . . Morality is never static; it advances as life advances (54). . . . The individual is not a unit but a centre of forces and . . . society . . . a complex . . . of energies (75). . . . To live gloriously is to change undauntedly—our ideals must evolve from day to day, and it is upon those who can fearlessly embrace the doctrine of "becoming" that the life of the future waits (99). . . . It is static law and our reverence for legal abstractions which has produced "privilege." It is dynamic law, as much as anything else, which brings us the new social order (132).

We may be mistaken, but we have been told for many years that the static and kinetic are forms of the dynamic; that the kinetic is patent, and the static, latent motion. If Miss Follett *will* use these metaphors drawn from science, why has she such a contempt for the "static"? Does she take static to mean "dead and doesn't know it"?

Let us suppose that "held in common" *is* "static": how many of us are able to help "produce" the higher generalizations of science, even social science? If a man grasps a big social truth by means of intuitive imitation, is he therefore debarred from anything essential in his life as a citizen?

No one need find fault with our author's pragmatism in what she says about "constructing the moral universe"; but does she

mean to say that there is no moral meaning in the world until we happen to "construct" moral action? Are we altogether foolish if we say that the moral purpose and plan of the world is progressively *revealed* to us? And would not this be an impossible old globe if most of our morality did not become habitual or "static"? While we cannot agree that morality will take care of itself if we think correctly, we are afraid that our author is expressing something perilously "static" with regard to morality when she makes that extreme statement!

Nowadays many of us are saying in our hearts, thank God for "static" law, law that "stays put." It seems to us that the Germans were the ones that had a most "dynamic" (kinetic) conception of law and covenant when they "reinterpreted" their agreement as to Belgium. We are not "standpatters," indeed we agree heart and soul with the pronouncement of the Economic Commission of the Peace Conference, with its condemnation of the "labor market" conception, its demand for minimum standard wage, eight-hour law, and so on; but we prefer the relatively "static" of a Gompers to the "kinetic" of a Debs.

RESTRAINT *versus* SELF-EXPRESSION.—When the ought is not a mandate from without, it is no longer a prohibition, but a self-expression. As the social consciousness develops, ought will be swallowed up in will (53). . . . It is a glorious consciousness we want, not a painstaking conscience (54). . . . Expression, not restraint, is always the motive of the ideal state (138). . . . Democracy has one task only—to free the creative spirit of man. This is done through group organization (159). . . . The community leader is he who can liberate the greatest amount of energy in his community (230). . . . As soon as we are given opportunities for the release of the energy there is in us, heroes and leaders will arise among us (231).

Taking the synthetic view of things, we should suppose that the "mandate from without" was perhaps a necessary stage, and that we may make a mistake in supposing that "evolution" will ever free society from a need of restraint for its imperfect members. Note how this anti-restraint doctrine works when applied to the "painstaking conscience." Now we cheerfully admit that such a conscience, whether or not it be from Miss Follett's good

city of Boston, is often an unmitigated nuisance—it as well as “self-consciousness” often makes cowards of at least some of us. We hope to transcend it in the Consummation of All Things. But it would appear that at present conscience is a necessary means to our final (or further) “gloriousness.” Hence it may possibly pay to tolerate it for a little until, say, the parliament of man is “out of politics” and attends strictly to perfect “interpenetration.”

Yes, let us *hope* that democracy may ultimately “free the creative spirit”; if so, one of the first steps to be taken is to secure respect for reasonable authority, practised self-control, willingness to *learn* creativeness, in part by intelligent imitation—and a few other “conscientious” traits. As for the leader being one who liberates the most energy—well, that depends on the *kind* of energy liberated. Even so, it is better, we think, that a generous portion of human energy remain healthily and healthfully “static,” unless the world is to reel in a dizzy whirl of “released” energy. Bottle up some of it that is now released, say some of us. And when it has been transformed by ideals (some of them “static,” we are afraid), let the release come with a due proportion of poise and balance and sanity. We are frankly skeptical as to “release of energy” bringing on a superabundant crop of leaders and heroes—of at least the sort the world needs.

THE GROUP *versus* THE CROWD AND THE “PARTICULAR INDIVIDUAL.”—In crowds we have unison; in groups harmony. We want the single voice, but not the single note; that is the secret of the group (86). . . . Besides the group and the crowd and the mob, there is also the herd. The satisfaction of the gregarious instinct must not be confused with the emotion of the crowd or the true sense of oneness in the group (89). . . . In a jury I suppose we have always had an example of the group idea in practical life. Here there is no question of counting up similar ideas—there must be one idea, and the effort is to seek that (110). . . . Majority rule is democratic when it is approaching not a unanimous but an integrated will (142). . . . Our alternatives are not the individual and the crowd . . . there is the neglected group (152). . . . There is the ignorance of the ignorant and the ignorance of the wise; there

is the wisdom of the wise and the wisdom of the ignorant (158). . . . The regulation theory was based on the same fallacy as the let-alone theory, namely, that government is something external to the structural life of the people (183). . . . Our political forms will have no vitality unless our political life is so organized that it shall be based primarily and fundamentally on spontaneous association (202). . . . In your neighborhood group show the clearness of your mind, the strength of your grip, your power to elicit and to guide coöperative action, and you emerge as the leader of men. . . . The leader must draw out all the varying needs of the neighborhood, etc. (218f.). . . . The individual finds himself in a group; he has no power alone or in a crowd (292). . . . Patriotism must not be herd instinct. . . . Loyalty means always to create your group not to wave a flag over it. . . . "I hate this school, I wish it would burn up," wrote a boy home, "there's too much old self-government about it, you can't have any fun" (336).

Our propagandist for the New State very properly discriminates from one another the crowd, the mob, the herd, and the group. The mob we may almost unreservedly condemn. But even here we shall be wise if we seek carefully for the reasons underlying the mob spirit. Sometimes a "pathological situation" will inevitably bring about pathological social activity. As to the herd and the crowd, may we not say that they incarnate instincts that man never loses? What reason have we for thinking that the simple "consciousness of kind" that plays such a part in questions of race will ever be entirely absent from human nature? And may it not be that the emotion of the crowd finds no real substitute in the group?

Take our author's instance of group process, the Jury. Is it an unqualified success? And is not its unanimity a better sign of "integration" than a majority vote would be? In fact, is not the group itself benefited by having certain "crowd" (not mob) characteristics? It is a balm to the spirit of some of us to escape, let us say, from an ultra-respectable, perhaps splendidly "integrated" faculty meeting, or civic league meeting, and bathe ourselves in a yelling crowd of grandstand enthusiasts. O gentle author, leave us our instinct of the herd and the crowd, even while we seek with thee something higher!

Of course we may not take too seriously the statement that the crowd spirit and the particularistic spirit are "the same." Perhaps the same in some respects sometimes under some circumstances!

We have already spoken of the relief found in a crowd or a herd. May not these "low" forms of association have *their* "wisdom of the ignorant"? And may not the integrated, even the interpenetrative wisdom of the group turn out to be foolishness as soon as it comes into rude contact with the unsophisticated crowd, even the great unwashed? Surely such things have happened.

The author thinks that "spontaneous association" must characterize true sociality. But dare we say that "parties" have historically nothing to do with spontaneous association? Note, for instance, the bolt of Roosevelt and the almost apocalyptic formation of the Progressive Party. Some such spontaneity is seen all through the political realm. Indeed, special "groups," representative and integrated ones, too, sometimes have entirely *too much* to do with party policy! It is quite possible to lose a sane and healthy instinct or emotion because of too much thinking on the event. Groups are not free from this difficulty. This war has shown us the splendid things that the morale of unanimity can do, the integration through massive reactions and attitudes.

Granting for the sake of argument that the group has all the qualities attributed to it, is it true that the really qualified man has only to express himself (a thing he cannot always do in the presence of a mixed group) in order to be recognized as a leader? Is the group always discriminating? Are the arts of the demagogue impossible in the group? Does the group system relieve us from the dangers of facile "personal magnetism?"

Even if the group thus spontaneously chooses its leaders, and these leaders have the marvelous qualities that Miss Follett endows them with, why not "wave flags" as well as manifest patriotism and loyalty in other respects? O Synthesis, how many crimes are committed in thy name!

"Too much self-government: you can't have any fun!" If the group system doesn't "watch out" the untamed goblin of

real spontaneity will catch *it*. Suggestive and earnest and honest as Miss Follett's book undoubtedly is, we must pronounce it a little touched with journalistic yellow and red. Her propagandist zeal has eaten her up. The spirits that her "groups" may call forth from the vasty deep *may* turn out at best only "sincere" fanatics like Lenine. He seems to be a past-master in the ability to "integrate" and "interpenetrate" his soviet of soviets. The social unit is a phase of contemporary life that is eminently worth while studying and experimenting with. We are glad, at least some of us are, that Secretary Lane presides over a Social Unit Association. But all that is good does not come from "below." All the best socializing does not occur in groups. Not only have the herd and the crowd their meaning and value, though needing to be coördinated or integrated with the group, but the solitary and isolated individual may have to curtail his social activity for the sake of ultimate social values such as those served by science and art.

II

When we consider that Miss Follett is full of enthusiasm for a new idea which is as yet rather elusive, and the application of which awaits careful experimentation, we are inclined to be impatient with our own criticism of her unsynthesized statements, and can only plead in extenuation our desire to forward Miss Follett's own insistence on coördination. Moreover, we selected her book because it is one of the best of its class of journalistic pamphlets in book form. But what shall we say of the "yellow, red and orange" streaks in simon-pure journalism, the editorial columns of the *New York Nation*? Of distinguished lineage, this journal has in many respects increased its usefulness under its recent management. Its International Relations section is very helpful. Its determination to get into the real currents of the world's progressive thought is praiseworthy. And it is a pleasure to say that the literary departments of the paper keep up their high standard. All the more, therefore, do we regret the signs of impatience, distrust, captious criticism, exaggerated statements, and the like that mar the good impression made by so much that this important journal shows forth. Since it appears

to be a fact that one of the associate editors is touring parts of the country with the object of finding out what the people think of the paper, we feel no compunction in calling attention to the too-frequent injudicious statements that appear in *The Nation's* editorials from time to time.

Take for instance the issue of March 29th, 1919. In the very first paragraphs we are truculently informed of the "deplorable helplessness" of the Peace Conference, which has "frittered away three months" in unworthy fashion, so that "all real issues are sidetracked or ditched," and of which it can be said that "human decency is not within its purview." Now the Conference has its faults and failings; but fairplay not only suggests but even demands that we remember the stupendous task on hand, and that we compare the performance of this Conference with the processes and products of previous ones. The Paris Conference now sitting can easily stand this test, and its more than one hundred thousand words of treaty will likely represent an immense amount of work. Besides this, shall a responsible journal add its quota to the impatience and suspicion of the world at a time when patience and faith, even with regard to one's enemies, are imperative needs?

Let us note a few other instances. How is this for a case of "red-orange," if not downright "red" innuendo: "We wonder what response will now be made by the State Department, or the Associated Press, or the National City Bank to Mr. Robins's allegations"? The casual readers, of whom *The Nation* has its share, will get a very ugly idea of a conspiracy to defraud the people of the truth. *The Nation* opens its columns for reply; but who would attempt to answer a statement implying such animus? Here is another pearl of great price that combines idealistic *naïveté* with perverse criticism: "We need immediately to call a great industrial conference, where laborer and capitalist may sit down and revise the existing economic order. President Wilson could do nothing more valuable or statesman-like than to quit the diplomatic arena and come home to face this fundamental economic need." Presumably the industrial conference could straightway settle affairs economic, especially as it would be made up of persons so unlike the conferees at

Paris that on no account would *they* fritter away a moment of time. It is the diplomats that are the demons. Poor President Wilson! Why does he not let his Fourteen Points go, especially as *The Nation* thinks that he has been false to them. Why stay and keep some sort of League of Nations in the treaty, or prevent Italy from satisfying its remarkably modest "national ambitions"! President Wilson knows that the economic problem is first of all a world problem, and the platform of the Economic Commission of the Paris Conference is one of Mr. Wilson's answers to his complimentary critics, who seem to imply that everything in America will go to the "demnition bow-wows" unless President Wilson remains in Washington!

One of the best blends of orange and red is to be found in the precious editorial on Self-Government and Decentralization. We are informed that in spite of the lies told about anarchy in Russia and Germany, these governments are the only ones "measurably functioning at the present" in Europe! Even credulity must have a large gullet to swallow such an astonishing statement, in the absence of detailed proof. In the same article we are supposed to agree that France's municipal governments would go to pieces if the central government broke down. Prophecy cannot well be checked at once; but many of us have a stronger belief in French adaptability than *The Nation* seems to possess. Perhaps the reader can stand two more sentences from the same editorial: "Since political government exists primarily for exploitation, its natural tendency is to centralize. . . . The proposed League of Nations is centralization at its last desperate stand." In strict logic we may not conclude that the League of Nations is a final attempt at exploitation; but is not this what the editorial intends to convey? This is "orange-aid" indeed, if we may be pardoned a bad pun due to the reaction of astonishment at the editorial's magnificent insight into the base feebleness of President Wilson and his colleagues at the peace table.

Perhaps we have said enough to voice our respectful protest. However, we must at least remark that the editorial on Eugene Debs in the issue of April 19th should have the grace to respect the good faith and conscientiousness of the United States Supreme Court, even if it must spend most of its space in lauda-

tion of Debs. The law under which Debs was convicted may be too severe—wartime emergencies are likely to engender severity. The judges of the Supreme Court may conceivably have known the law to be unjust, and that “we, the people of the United States,” wished them to nullify it. Do *The Nation's* readers believe this?

Let us hope that the “orange-spots” of *The Nation* will yield to the white light of a really synthetic truth-speaking, or else that *The Nation* will undergo some alternative treatment that will eliminate the excessive gall that embitters what is probably a naturally sweet disposition.

III

We have briefly studied two shining illustrations of the tendency toward sporadic sensationalism and one-sided radicalism, one a journalistic book and the other a bookish journal. Both seem to forget a principle illustrated by what John Graham Brooks set forth so clearly many years ago, namely, the socialistic approach toward individualism and the individualistic approach toward socialism. Mr. Simeon Strunsky has the same sort of tale to tell of the recent Conference of Socialists at Berne. May we not hope that our current journalism, whether in papers, magazines, pamphlets, or books, will learn the lesson of patience and tolerance and soberness and sanity? If leaders of thought to whom much has been given allow themselves to “break loose” into unbalanced overstatement, peevish suspiciousness and fault-finding, worship of the abstract and the novel, and contempt for things as they are just because they “are,” what shall we expect from the really “yellow” and “red?” We take Miss Follett to be an apostle of a really good thing, the Group Idea; and we consider the editors of *The Nation* to be humane and patriotic leaders of American thought. *Therefore*, we deprecate the lapses from soberness of expression. Criticize parties and institutions, but do not deny them all truth and merit. Keep public servants at their best by stimulating prodding. But let us all refrain from the intemperate speech that tends to confound all values and weaken that native reverence without which man easily descends to the level of raving.

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BIOGRAPHY WITH A DRAG-NET

In their ready-made review sent out to the literary editors of the various magazines the publishers of the *History of Henry Fielding** quote the opinion of one who had read the book in manuscript to the effect that this a definitive work, "likely to be received as the most admirable specimen of biography in our tongue." Thus the reviewer enters upon his task with the anticipation of unalloyed pleasure comparable to that experienced in reading *Tom Jones* itself. "By accident, perhaps," the Preface tells us, "the two histories contain about the same number of words." But here the likeness ceases, for every lover of Fielding will experience the keenest disappointment in attempting to peruse these three extraneously beautiful volumes.

In order to construct a connected story of the novelist's life the reader is forced to plow through pages of tedious discussions designed to establish a given date, to identify some character in Fielding's novels with some one of his contemporaries, or to relieve him of some petty charge made against him. For example, in Chapter XVI, containing fifty-three pages devoted chiefly to the *Jacobite Journal* and Fielding's contributions to it, there are two scraps of biographical interest: His second marriage in 1747, and his appointment as Justice of the Peace for the County of Middlesex, in 1749. Then follow three chapters, covering in all a hundred and twenty-three pages, dealing with "The Publication of *Tom Jones*," "The Reception of *Tom Jones*," and "The Art of *Tom Jones*," all interrupting the history of his life in order to introduce innumerable wearisome details. Every character in the novel is discussed in order to determine whether a model can be found for it among Fielding's friends or acquaintances; nearly every item of scenery is listed with a view to settling its identity, "not, of course, that each character had an exact original, nor that every real incident occurred just as it is given in the story, nor indeed that there was an absence

**The History of Henry Fielding*. By Wilbur L. Cross. 3 vols. New Haven: Yale University Press.

of pure fiction." To make his identification in each case clear and convincing, the historian of Henry Fielding retells one incident after another from *Tom Jones*, without giving his readers credit for some familiarity with the narrative.

In a discussion of the time-scheme of the novel, borrowed from Mr. Frederick S. Dickson, the biographer exhibits a lack of humor lamentable in a critic who seeks to interpret the character and work of one of the greatest of English humorists:—

"Having obtained this date [for the beginning of the dramatic action of *Tom Jones*], Mr. Dickson ingeniously fixed the exact day by Fielding's reference to the moon. When Jones, three days after leaving Hambrook, sailed out of the Gloucester inn with Partridge, just as the clock was striking five one evening, the moon, 'with a face as broad and as red as those of some jolly mortals, who, like her, turn night into day, began to rise from her bed, where she had slumbered away the day, in order to sit up all night.' *Fielding meant to say that there was a full moon* [italics not in original]; in fact, he actually used the phrase in the account of Mrs. Waters, whom Jones rescued the next morning at the foot of Mazard Hill. This unfortunate woman had set out, it is related, with Northerton from Worcester on that morning at five o'clock, above two hours before daybreak, under the light of the moon which was then at the full.' Two days after the adventure at Mazard Hill, while Jones and Partridge were at dinner in an alehouse, 'night came on and as the moon was now past the full, it was extremely dark. "

One is reminded of Holmes's "testy little dogmatist," the Katydid,—

"Thou say'st an undisputed thing
In such a solemn way."

But perhaps for the unsuspecting reader Professor Cross has inserted a bit of sly, hidden humor like that of Chaucer in the Franklin's Tale:—

"For th'orisonte hath reft the sonne his light;
This is as much to seye as it was night."

In any case, all this meticulous insistence on the obvious is merely for the purpose of showing that Fielding "constructed

the dramatic action throughout on a time-scheme as carefully prepared as if he were writing a play." Most readers, however, would prefer to have a continuous, live story of Fielding's career as a man of letters and as a public-spirited citizen, uninterrupted by prolonged discussions of trivial details.

Throughout the *History* Professor Cross appears as the apologist and stout champion of his much-maligned hero, to whom he is reluctant to attribute even "some of the amiable vices of the class to which he belonged." It is not quite certain, he tells us, that Fielding smoked tobacco, though he "had none of that repugnance to tobacco shown by Shakespeare, whose characters neither smoke nor snuff nor chew the weed." "It is on the whole probable that Fielding smoked when a young man, but afterwards laid aside his pipe and chewed when presiding over the Bow Street court. There is, however, no indication that he was ever immoderate in either habit." "He drank freely every day of the pleasant liquors when he could obtain them, just as he ate freely of the viands that gratified his palate, *but* . . ." "He frequented taverns and coffeehouses, *but* . . ." He may have been at times "overpowered by the sex instinct"; and "there must have been, as Henley has said, many 'accidental women' in the course of his career. *But* this conclusion is not necessarily true." He may occasionally have been pinched by poverty, he may even have lived in a garret as "a point of vantage," he may have been sued for debt; *but* . . . In his thirty-sixth year "his magnificent constitution already showed signs of breaking. Gout. . . laid him up for the winter. High living may have had something to do with this; *but* Fielding was rather paying the penalty for incessant labour since he gave up the theatre." It would be interesting to know when or how gout was ever brought on by incessant intellectual labor. Ah, these *buts*, how carefully they shield our hero against the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune! Though appreciating Fielding's fine manliness, his sanity, his balance, his wide sympathies, his never-failing good humor; though characterizing him as "a man who turned upon it [his age] the light of an extraordinary intelligence, who was besides infinitely wise and sagacious, and tolerant of human errors and follies where the heart remains true"; Professor Cross, in his efforts to clear

his hero's memory of "the fables and malicious tales" that have gathered about it and clung to it for generations, produces an almost colorless picture. To turn against him his own words applied to Henley: "Eulogy is not biography."

More surprising, however, in the Editor of the *Yale Review* and in a professor of English in Yale University is the frequent crudity of style exhibited throughout these volumes. The sentences are either short and choppy, reminiscent of the note-book or of the lecture syllabus, or inexcusably loose, even incoherent. Two examples will serve to illustrate the type of sentence frequently used:—

"Fielding became very familiar with the district around Salisbury, which, more or less disguised, is reflected in his works; and it was but a short walk from Lady Cloud's house into the centre of the town, where he made many acquaintances, some of whom may be yet uncovered in *Tom Jones*."

"Soon after reaching his majority, he deserted a wife and child, came up to London, and worked for some time at buckle-making; but being idle and extravagant, he did not thrive in this sober trade; and it was not long before a debt that he could not pay sent him to prison in Wood Street, where he fell in with a loose woman who introduced him, when released, to several gangs of sharpers."

Such a House-that-Jack-built kind of sentence may have been consciously or unconsciously assimilated from the style of the eighteenth century, but it seems wholly inappropriate as a model of modern prose.

Far worse, however, than such rhetorical blemishes are certain grammatical blunders that come as a shock to the unsuspecting reader. No less than four times one discovers the objective *whom* incorrectly used for the nominative *who*.

"... against Lady Gould and Mary Rookes, *whom* he claimed were acting in confederacy" (I, 37). "Julian the Apostate, *whom*, it was supposed, had long been undergoing torments in the bottomless pit" (I, 404). "It was Charlotte Cradock, not Mary Daniel, *whom* he thought excelled all other women in beauty" (II, 60). "... with Lady Belaston he coupled Miss Matthews and 'this or that', *whom* he surmised were a source of revenue to Fielding in the days when he received little from his plays" (III, 256).

If our professors of English and our literary editors are content with such standards as these, what are we to expect from our Dogberrys in the classroom? "If gold ruste, what shal iren do?"

All praise is due to the biographer for his marvelous industry and patience in collecting such an encyclopædic mass of information relating to the novelist and his age. With a full index every scrap of knowledge is made readily accessible, and the handsome illustrations of places and people associated with Fielding and his writings form a valuable feature of the work. Nevertheless, for sympathetic, eloquent tributes to his character and adequate interpretation of his literary achievements, the reader will still have to depend on Thackeray and Lowell and Henley. For the bare facts unadorned, Professor Cross's volumes will prove an indispensable storehouse. But, confusing in its mixture of biography, criticism, and controversy, devoid of proportion, perspective, and charm of style, the *History of Henry Fielding* will hardly take rank as "the most admirable specimen of biography in our tongue."

THE EDITOR.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE FOUNDATIONS AND NATURE OF VERSE. By Cary F. Jacob. New York: Columbia University Press.

Traversing much the same ground as Wm. Morrison Patterson in his *The Rhythm of Prose*, though without original laboratory experiments, Dr. Jacob has added one more to the great number of works seeking the secret of rhythm and the definition of verse. After reading several such books (among which Dr. Jacob's is refreshing for its common sense and lack of dogmatism), the writer of prose or poetry—shall we say the professional writer?—is not a little bewildered. This bewilderment does not alone arise from the fact that the author or poet is probably unused to the vocabulary and technique of psychology and physics. Dr. Jacob is a clear writer, and presents no insurmountable difficulties even to a poet. His bewilderment rather arises from the fact that such works, with the strictness and coldness of science, seek and find the difference between prose and verse, for instance, solely in physical structure, when the creator of prose or verse knows perfectly well, by instinct, that the difference transcends the merely physical. Both Patterson and Jacob, for instance, show "free verse" its place. The one calls it a mosaic of prose experience and verse experience; the other calls it "amorphous prose"; yet any poet knows that they are both wrong, partly because they neither as yet understand the physical principles of free verse, but still more because their scientific method has led them to try and find a hard-and-fast physical definition of poetry, and it cannot be done.

So far as the physical definitions go, Dr. Jacob's work is clear and sensible until he reaches *vers libre*, and he has succeeded in brushing away a host of unsound preconceptions about vowel lengths, accurate time-perceptions, and so forth. But what he has not grasped (as Dr. Patterson never grasped it), is the fact that free verse *swings its cycles of rhythms* under the constant control of the poet; and simply his ear is not yet attuned to catch this new music (or else he has studied the poorer examples). And the greater fact, which he quite ignores, is that the poet, by choosing to write in free verse instead of prose, gives warning that he is

seeking to create a different effect, and if he is truly a poet his free verse is poetry, and will differ from prose not only physically but because it will be saturated through and through with an emotional quality which does not reside in prose. To ignore this because experiments in the psychological laboratory cannot reckon it, may produce a partial science of rhythm, but it can never produce a real explanation or definition of poetry. Karl Sandburg's poem "Grass" is not "amorphous prose." It is poetry of a very thrilling kind. It has a characteristic rhythm, a sense of cycle, and it has a lyric saturation no prose can attain. I do not wish to seem to belittle the work of Dr. Jacob, who, no doubt, won his coveted Ph.D. by it. But I doubt very much if his investigations will greatly disturb Mr. Sandburg's serenity, or cause its hosts of admirers to call *The Spoon River Anthology* prose, amorphous or otherwise.

WALTER PRICHARD EATON.

PRESIDENT WILSON'S FOREIGN POLICY: MESSAGES, ADDRESSES, AND PAPERS. Edited with Introduction and Notes. By James Brown Scott. New York: Oxford University Press.

DIPLOMATIC CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND GERMANY—August 1, 1914–April 6, 1917. Edited with Introduction and Analytical Notes. By James Brown Scott. New York: Oxford University Press.

A SURVEY OF INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND GERMANY—August 1, 1914–April 6, 1917. Based on Official Documents. By James Brown Scott. New York: Oxford University Press.

Though each volume listed above is separate and distinct in itself, all three should be used together in order to obtain a clear and connected idea of our relations with Germany from the outbreak of the world war to the date of our entrance into it. First we have a collection of Mr. Wilson's messages, addresses, and papers, arranged with a brief introduction to each, so as to show how "they are varying expressions of a single, definite, conscious purpose, namely, the strengthening of constitutional government where it existed, leavened with democracy, and the introduction of constitutional government where it did not exist. . . . The strain of democracy runs through all of his messages and addresses as a golden thread." He believes that "there

is but one standard for the individual as for the state." These views the editor insists, though of importance during the neutrality of our country and in time of war, are of even greater significance just now, for they "indicate in no uncertain way the attitude which the United States under President Wilson's guidance may be expected to assume in the negotiations which must one day bring about peace to a long-suffering and war-ridden world."

The *Diplomatic Correspondence Between the United States and Germany* is of great interest and historic value especially in the light it throws on the watchful-waiting policy of our own country in the efforts of the President not merely to keep us out of war but to bring about a righteous peace, and its revelation of the cunning, evasive, underhand attitude of Germany. Even those who grew restive under the prolonged interchange of notes cannot now calmly review this correspondence without feeling admiration for the high tone that pervades all our communications, for the vision of our statesmen that saw always the true course through the maze of international complications, for the fine courage that enabled them to do the right regardless of consequences, for the generous spirit that prompted our President to use every possible appeal to the better nature of Germany before having resort to force of arms. "Even in checking these things and trying to extirpate them," he declared in his memorable address of April 2, 1917, "we have sought to put the most generous interpretation possible upon them because we knew their source lay, not in any hostile feeling or purpose of the German people towards us (who were no doubt, as ignorant of them as we ourselves were), but only in the selfish designs of a government that did what it pleased and told its people nothing." To have expected for a moment a response to such a generous appeal will doubtless at this day seem a purely Quixotic idea; but the record now remains to prove to future generations the absolute righteousness of our cause. In sharp contrast appears the weak, pitiable, morally blind conduct of Germany, now pleading self-defence, again resorting to the tyrant's plea, necessity, or to transparent quibbles, seeking to justify her course by declaring that Great Britain had set the precedent, and finally taking refuge in bare-

faced lying. In reading the notes of von Jagow, Bernstoff, Zimmermann, and other German "statesmen," one cannot refrain from feeling not merely bitter indignation, but keen regret that any nation should have sunk so low. "How art thou fallen from Heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning!" And the causes of the dazzling fall would seem to have been the same in each case: heartless ambition, soaring intellectual pride, hatred, jealousy, revenge.

The Survey of International Relations Between the United States and Germany makes even plainer the contrast between the social and political ideals of the two countries. The Introduction contains the President's Address to Congress, April 2, 1917, recommending a declaration of war against Germany; Joint Resolution of Congress declaring war; and German Conceptions of the State, International Policy, and International Law, from Frederick the Great, Bismarck, von Treitschke, von Bethmann-Hollweg, William II, and others. Then follow chapters on The Genesis of the War of 1914, The Neutrality of the United States, German Charges of Unneutral Conduct, Censorship of Communications, etc., covering much of the ground of the first volume but furnishing detailed discussion of the action of our country in each case. Each volume is supplied with a full index. The three books, handsomely printed and substantially bound in red buckram, are a valuable contribution to contemporary history and in the literature of the great war deserve a permanent place on the shelves of private and public libraries.

THE MAKING OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND, 597-1087. By Thomas Allen Tidball, D.D. Boston: The Stratford Company. 1919.

Dr. Tidball shows in this most delightful and altogether charming little book that he is a true teacher as well as an accomplished scholar. In the early part of the book he is peculiarly happy in sifting fact from legend. The book gives every evidence of wide reading, scholarly taste, accurate historical judgment, and acquaintance with the latest and best results of modern research.

Dr. Tidball has given us a most entertaining and, at the same time, most scholarly account of the early history of the English

Church down to the Norman Conquest, interspersed with apt and discriminating quotations from the best histories of the period, through which we get flashes of his own bright wit and genial humor. It is Dr. Tidball at his best.

Among the most valuable and important pages are those from 75 to 78, in which he makes perfectly clear the distinction between the *British and the English Church*. The name *British Church* must be carefully distinguished from the name *English Church*, as the two are absolutely distinct and separate in history. This position is supported by a well-marshalled array of quotations from the most reputable historians. The *English Church* is the Church of the English race and was founded by missionaries directly from Rome, from whom she received a Christianity far nobler than that which the Britons intentionally withheld from them. "The Roman planted, the Scot watered, the Briton did nothing."

But, although sent by Gregory of Rome and receiving from that early pope the pallium, or woolen scarf, which every archbishop of Canterbury until 1534 received as the papal guarantee of his administrative authority and of his relations to the Roman See, Augustine was consecrated, it must be remembered, by Virgilius, Archbishop of Arles and by other Frankish bishops.

The author's description of the decisive council at Whitby, A. D. 664, when the Northumbrian Church acknowledged the headship of Canterbury and union through it with the Roman See, is full of deep feeling and vivid imagination, with keen psychological and historical insight. His tribute to the Scotch-Irish Church and missionaries is fine, eloquent, and Christian, closing with a dramatic presentation of the contrast between Wilfrid and Chad, to show the comprehensiveness of the Anglican Communion.

The complete organization of the English Church by Theodore shows him the organizer of the English State as well as of the English Church.

The intellectual life and vast educational and missionary work of the wonderful eighth century are summed up in Bede, Boniface, and Alcuin, closing the one hundred and fifty years of the golden age of the English Church. Dr. Tidball, by his sympathetic

and artistic delineation, makes the great characters of this early history live again, notably—in addition to those already mentioned—Alfred the Great, Dunstan, and Cnut, closing with the great William the Conqueror and his able Archbishop, Lanfranc.

The history ends with this striking paragraph:—

“The making of this Church, we have seen, was only part of a larger work, because the Church of the English was itself a factor and a principal one in the making of the English Nation, the English Race, the English Language and Literature, and, above all, the making of English Character. All of us who, in any measure, share in these great blessings owe something at least to the grand old English Church, and might well hail her in the slightly altered words of Tennyson's Welcome to the Danish Princess of Wales, now the Dowager Queen Alexandra of England:—

‘Saxon or Dane or Norman we,
Teuton or Kelt, or whatever we be,
We are all one in our welcome of thee!’”

It is worthy of note that in our whole reading of the book we have not found a single typographical error.

CHARLES L. WELLS.

CERTAIN AMERICAN FACES: SKETCHES FROM LIFE. By Charles Lewis Slattery. Sixteen full-page illustrations reproduced from photographs and paintings. New York: E. P. Dutton and Co. Pp. xvi, 239.

There is a poetic grace about these sketches giving them that artistic quality which is the highest characteristic of portraiture. They have a distinct literary charm even if one did not know the persons. When, however, such art is employed in intimate and familiar converse about Phillips Brooks, Dr. Peabody, William James, Professor Royce, Dr. Allen, Henry S. Nash, Bishop Whipple, Bishop Hare, Dr. Huntington, Samuel Hart, Henry Vaughan, and a half a dozen others, every Harvard man, every Bostonian and Churchman, philosopher, theologian, and friend of humanity is attracted and delighted. The reproductions of photographs and paintings are of special interest in themselves, and form a fitting and valuable accompaniment to the fifteen chapters.

Particularly noteworthy is the reproduction of Mrs. Rieber's recently completed painting of the three Harvard philosophers—Palmer, Royce, and James.

Dr. Mixter's photograph of Phillips Brooks in his study is probably the best likeness we have.

The book is full of intimate and illustrative anecdotes and personal experiences. The story of the Minnesota Doctor who vaccinated the abbot and all the monks of a western monastery; of Dr. Hart asking Jimmie, a grown man, if he said his prayers; of Dr. Huntington and the prize-day oration; of Bishop Whipple and the examination of the Indian candidate for the diaconate; of William James and his remarks on faith as a method of discovering truth; of Royce's young son; and many other stories; make each sketch one of real life.

The chapter entitled "A Boy I Knew" is a tender, sympathetic study of boy life, delicate and charming.

The book ends with a beautiful tribute to Dr. Huntington which is worthy of every man's endeavor: "Huntington saw the right—and he did it—always."

CHARLES L. WELLS.

THE FAITH THAT MAKES FAITHFUL. By William Channing Gannett and Jenkin Lloyd Jones. New edition printed from the thirty-fifth. Boston: The Stratford Co. 1918. Pp. ix, 165.

These are the most inspiring, the most helpful sermons we have read for a long time. It is not surprising that they have been translated into French, Swedish, Italian, and German, and we doubt not what is far better into thousands of lives; for Jews, Mohammedans, and Christians have testified to their helpfulness. Of course this means that they are plain, practical, and of universal human application. The style is a beautiful example of the purest, finest, strongest English, clear and sparkling as a mountain stream, affording the highest intellectual as well as spiritual refreshing.

The subjects are: Drudgery, Faithfulness, A Friend, Tenderness, A Cup of Cold Water, The Seamless Robe, Wrestling and Blessing, The Divine Benediction. The titles, however, give only the faintest indication of the variety, richness, beauty, and sub-

limity of the thought. Where every page stirs our deepest spiritual emotions and arouses our highest aspiration and resolution toward a better life, it is impossible to make any selections. In very truth all are filled with the spiritual verities of the universal religion of mankind.

CHARLES L. WELLS

CHRIST'S CHALLENGE TO MAN'S SPIRIT IN THIS WORLD CRISIS. By George William Douglas. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

The message of these four Advent sermons of Dr. Douglas is a warning to men not to lose sight, in the midst of so much that is outwardly materialistic, of the underlying moral and spiritual forces of the war. The spiritual crisis overshadows the material. "The danger is not chiefly to men's bodies, but to their minds and souls." He uses *Kultur* as an object-lesson of the canker that eats out the heart of man in its rank growth toward efficiency. His contrasting picture of the two periods of Saul's career,—first, the admired of all the applauding multitude, at the time of Samuel's choice of him as the Lord's anointed, at the very zenith of his prosperity, and then the wretched figure skulking in disguise at midnight in the witch's cave, his prayers to Jehovah flung back to him because God was not really in his thoughts,—is strongly reminiscent of the history of the present unwelcome and embarrassing guest of Count von Bentinck. Dr. Douglas has forcibly expressed Christ's challenge to men to the reconstruction of the political and industrial life of the world. They must choose whether to be independent of Christ or independent with Him.

CLAYTON E. WHEAT.

A COMMENTARY ON KANTS'S "CRITIQUE OF PURE REASON." By Thomas Kemp Smith, McCosh Professor of Philosophy, Princeton University. London: Macmillan and Company. 1918. lxi, 615.

The opening words of the preface give sufficiently well the object and the findings of this noteworthy and scientifically objective book: "The *Critique of Pure Reason* is more obscure and difficult than even a metaphysical treatise has any right to be. The difficulties are not merely due to defects of exposition; they multiply rather than diminish upon detailed study: and, as

I shall endeavor to show in this *Commentary*, are traceable to two main causes, the composite nature of the text, written at various dates throughout the period 1772-1780, and the conflicting tendencies of Kant's own thinking."

The author's ripe knowledge of Kant's writings and his insistence on treating the good old philosopher as a fallible man rather than as a merely mechanical system-maker enable him to track through the main directions of Kant's really "critical" thought, to point out inconsistencies due to early dogmatic training, and to discount some of the *Critique's* most ambitious scaffoldings as due to Kant's fondness for his over-ingenious "categories" and the like.

Future readers of the great *Critique* will do well to remember our commentator's suggestion that "we must regard Kant's thinking as in large degree tentative, that is, progressing by the experimental following out of divergent tendencies." T. P. B.

RELIGIO GRAMMATICI: THE RELIGION OF A MAN OF LETTERS. Presidential Address to the Classical Association. By Gilbert Murray. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1918. 49 pp.

Essential oil too strong for the unclassical and the unphilosophic but oil of gladness to those who have the heart to understand.

"There are in life two elements, one transitory and progressive, the other comparatively, if not absolutely, non-progressive and eternal, and the soul of man is chiefly concerned with the second"—anathema, this, to the Disciples of Flux!

"And the unwillingness to make imaginative effort is the prime cause of almost all decay of art. It is the caterer, the man whose business it is to provide enjoyment with the very minimum of effort, who is in matters of art the real assassin"—this to keep in order him who is satisfied that the people should "enjoy" canned music and art and drama!

"The main stream is that which runs from Rome and Greece and Palestine, the Christian and classical traditions"—a good bitter tonic for the bolshevists of religion and education!

This precious little book stabs the vulgarian of all modes through and through, especially that worst offender "whose innermost religion is the worship of the lie in his soul." T. P. B.

THE CHURCH AND THE CROWD. By Richard Wallace Hogue. New York: Fleming H. Revel & Co.

The problem which here engages the attention of Dr. Hogue is summarized in a recent book by Prof. Percy Gardner of Oxford (*Evolution in Christian Doctrine*, Putnam's, 1918), in a similar attempt to face the situation rapidly developing in England:—

“Matthew Arnold, with Goethe-like insight and Goethe-like insolence, has divided the English people into three classes of Barbarians, Philistines, and Populace. The reign of the upper classes, the Barbarians, is over. The reign of the Philistines, the middle classes, is rapidly passing away. The Populace with rapid strides is advancing to take over the government; and already there is no statesman who dares to carry out any measure displeasing to it.

“Such a revolution must be a terrible ordeal for the English Church, for her hold is on the well-to-do classes, and in a less degree on the peasantry in the country. The proletariat of the great cities is precisely the element which has least sympathy with her. She has looked on while the working people have drifted away from her. That she can ever recall them to her communion is doubtful.”

With this last sentence, Dr. Hogue would take issue “as a man whose life is pledged to the ministry of the church and the service of the common people” (Preface). He believes that, if the church will return to the spirit and leadership of Him whom “the commonpeople heard gladly,” the future of its own leadership will be secured.

But there is a call to radical amendment. Leaders must come with a sacrificial spirit of devotion. In this spirit the author appeals to young men to seek the ministry of the church. One citation may illustrate the quality of heart-searching he urges upon the Church, “Let those who talk of war's cruelties see to it that none suffer through their cold and calculating purpose of gain, and advancement in business, politics, or ecclesiastical preferment. Four colossal and costly cathedrals are in process of erection and completion in four eastern cities, within five hours of each other. In those same cities, the extent of ignorance, poverty, and preventable disease is beyond calculation. Under these conditions is not the Ghurch robbing God's poor in God's own

name? To build a ten-million-dollar cathedral in the presence of slums and wide-spread poverty is not a tribute but an insult to Jesus Christ." Which reminds one of Lowell's familiar poem "A Parable." Dr. Hogue has written in the spirit of a true prophet.

JAMES BISHOP THOMAS.

A HISTORY OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH. Willistin Walker. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1918.

In this single volume of only 600 pages in clear large type, Dr. Walker has given us a comprehensive, well-proportioned, scholarly, and readable history of the Christian Church, mainly in Europe and the West, to the pontificate of Benedict XV, and the great world war, with a brief concluding section on American Christianity. To this he has added a brief appendix of bibliographical suggestions which might have been better selected and arranged. Too many of the standard histories, dictionaries, and source-books are omitted, including several important books on the Reformation, although Dr. Walker's own book on that subject is by far the best one-volume account.

Papias is omitted in the Apostolic Fathers. In his account of the origin of the Christian organization, like most of those who argue from the modern Independent Congregational standpoint, Dr. Walker does not give due account of the Apostolate as instituted by Christ, and as holding the leading place in the first century. He rightly concludes, however, "that the monarchical bishopric must have come into being between the time when Paul summoned the presbyter-bishops to Miletus and that at which Ignatius wrote." He also rightly finds evidence of Apostolic Succession in Clement's Epistle to the Corinthians, Chapter XLIV, A. D. 96, and of the monarchical Episcopate in Ignatius (110-117) as already established and not a new institution. This is the real basis of the argument for the Historic Episcopate.

In saying that the Papacy stood orthodox in the Arian controversy he seems to forget Liberius, who signed the Arian formula (probably II Sirmium) to secure his return from exile.

Dr. Walker's summaries are clear, brief, and scholarly. His criticism of the ecclesiastical results of Napoleon's Concordat is

excellent. Altogether the work is fair-minded, scholarly, and comprehensive, and at the same time clear, well-proportioned, and reliable. We know of no better book for use in a year's course in the classroom, or even for general reference where very much detail is not required. Almost every subject connected with Church History receives some consideration; nor is it a mere catalogue of subjects, but is complete, readable, interesting, and intelligible as far as it purports to go. CHARLES L. WELLS.

THE LIFE OF JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS. By Robert Lemuel Wiggins. Nashville, Tennessee: Methodist Publishing House.

In spite of the title, only 152 pages out of the 450 are devoted to biography—barely one third—the rest of the book containing reprints of "Early Literary Efforts, from the age of fourteen, as published in the *Countryman*, 1862-1866," together with a bibliography at the end. Though issued from the press at least six months after the definitive biography of Harris by his daughter-in-law, Julia Collier Harris, this book claims to be the first and only biography of Harris that has yet appeared.

Brief as is the biographical portion of Mr. Wiggins's book, it is padded with long extracts from Harris's early writings, prose and verse, and it sets forth the facts of his life in the perfunctory manner of a doctor's dissertation, without any charm of style. The detailed account of his life breaks off abruptly with the publication of *Uncle Remus; His Songs and His Sayings*, in 1880, and dismisses in a scant page and a quarter the remaining twenty-eight years of literary activity before his death. A comparison of the text of the letters of Harris to Mrs. Starke as given in this book with the text of the same letters as printed by Mrs. Julia Harris reveals surprising inaccuracies and omissions on the part of Mr. Wiggins. Sometimes there is no indication that whole paragraphs have been left out, nor does there appear any special reason for such omissions, especially as the references are often thus made obscure (see p. 96). It is a question, too, whether Harris would relish the idea of having his "Early Literary Efforts" dragged forth from obscurity and exposed to the cold light of criticism. Needless to say, the book will not

bear comparison with Mrs. Harris's biography, nor will its publication greatly enhance the reputation for scholarship and culture long enjoyed by the University of Virginia.

THE PAPERS OF THOMAS RUFFIN. Collected and edited by J. G. de Roulhac Hamilton. Vol. I, Publications of the North Carolina Historical Commission, Raleigh. Pp. 541.

This is the first of several volumes in which Professor Hamilton will publish the correspondence, addresses, and some of the more important decisions of Thomas Ruffin, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of North Carolina, and probably the greatest judge and the most widely quoted legal authority of that state. The present volume comprises Judge Ruffin's own letters and those of numerous correspondents, many eminent in their day, between the years 1803 and 1830. In making his selection the editor has been guided solely by his desire "to choose all such letters as may throw light upon the personality and character either of Judge Ruffin or the writers." The volume is prefaced by a biography of Ruffin, and the work of editing is excellently done by Dr. Hamilton, who has every qualification for the task.

S. L. WARE.

AMERICAN CHARITIES. By Amos G. Warner, Ph.D., late Professor of Economics and Social Science in Leland Stanford Junior University, etc. Edition revised by Mary Roberts Coolidge, Ph.D.; with a Biographical Preface by George Eliot Howard, Ph.D., University of Nebraska. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. 560 pp. 1918.

This is not only the "classic work on the subject," but perhaps the standard of its kind in any language.

"The changes made by the reviser consist in the instution of more recent figures and illustrations and the addition of 25,000 words of new material. Two entirely new chapters have been added to round out his discussion of poverty."

A full bibliography, authors and subjects, and a good index, render the book convenient for reference.

T. P. B.